The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March, *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling have been spending their honeymoon quietly in London. They intend to proceed by-and-by to America, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Balestier. Thereafter they go on a journey round the world, paying in the course of it a visit to Mr. Stevenson at Samoa. Mr. Stevenson judged from the first specimen of Mr. Kipling's work that he had far more talent than any rising man. Mr. Kipling heard of Mr. Balestier's death at Lahore, where he was spending Christmas with his friends, and immediately proceeded to London.

Mr. Kipling has written a new story, which will be published in the *Strand Magazine* under the title 'The Lost Legion.'

Mr. Stevenson, as his friends know, draws his characters freely from his friends. We do not intend to reveal the originals of John Silver and Finsbury, but it may be mentioned that Mr. S. S. McLure, head of the well-known Newspaper Syndicate, is Jim Pinkerton in 'The Wrecker,' the story now running through *Scribner*. Mr. McLure is also supposed to be the original of Fulkerson in Mr. Howells' 'Hazard of New Fortunes.'

It is a somewhat curious fact that in acknowledging his indebtedness to an old drama for the central idea of his short story, 'The Bottle Imp,' Mr. Stevenson was not aware that the story was published over sixty years ago in Germany in the Romancist's and Novelist's Library. The scene was laid in Germany, and the situations turned readily on the great variety of coins then current there.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.'s excellent series, 'Preachers of the Age,' is being very well received. Mr. Spurgeon is busy on his volume, for which he has chosen the title 'Messages for the Multitude.' It is to contain a new portrait of the eminent preacher.

The most important work Messrs. Low have in hand for the spring is the Life of Charles Keene. Mr. G. S. Layard (who by the way started the discussion in the *Nineteenth Century* on "How to Live on £700 a Year") is the author, and the material placed in his hands by Mr. Keene's brother is very abundant both in the way of sketches and letters. A book alike of great interest and permanent value may confidently be expected.

The first edition of 'Tess' has been sold out.

A forthcoming volume of the 'Pseudonym Library' will contain a translation of two German stories by Ilse Frapan. This young novelist of exceptionable ability has rapidly made her way to the front in her own country, but Mr. Unwin will be the means of giving her her first introduction to English readers.

The portrait of Mr. Barrie is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. Hollyer, of Kensington; the other illustrations from photographs by Mr. Valentine, of Dundee.

This window it was that suggested to Mr. Barrie 'A Window in Thrums'—"the square foot of glass where Jess sat in her chair and looked down the brae. . . . The little window" that "commands the incline to the point where the brae suddenly jerks out of sight in its climb down into the town."

The Auld Licht Kirk is described in the 'Idylls' as standing "round the corner from the square, with only a large door to distinguish it from the other buildings in the short street. . . . The door is sacred to the memory of a white-haired old lady who, not so long ago, used to march out of the kirk and remain on the pavement until the psalm which had just been given out was sung." The picture of the kirk in all its severity and baldness will be interesting to those who remember how it was built and maintained. "When they were not starving themselves to support a pastor, the Auld Lichts were saving up for a stipend. They retired with suppressed lips to their looms, and weaved and weaved till they weaved themselves a minister. . . . For forty years they have been dying out, but the cold stiff pews still echo the Psalms of David, and the Auld Licht Kirk will remain open so long as it has one member and a minister."

Mr. Barrie was for years a most industrious journalist, and some of his best work is buried—not hopelessly—in newspaper files. We reprint one of his characteristic articles.

We make no apology for the space given to the discussion of the net system, which is evidently very well supported,

and may work a revolution in the trade. It concerns all kind of bookmen deeply, and we shall be glad to receive communications on the subject.

The 'Autobiography of William Bell Scott,' which Prof. Minto is editing, will probably appear in April or May. Messrs. Osgood and McIlvaine are the publishers. "Reminiscences of himself and his circle of friends," is the autobiographer's description of the work, and his circle of friends from the Thirties downwards was extensive, while he came casually in contact with many celebrities and had an observant eye for characteristic traits. He saw Christopher North and Sir Walter Scott in his youth; Leigh Hunt and G. H. Lewes were his first acquaintances in London; he took part with his brother, David Scott, in the great Cartoon Competition for Westminster Hall in 1840; and the Preraphaelite brethren were among his intimate friends in middle age.

Mr. Scott was one of the first batch of Masters in the Schools of Design established in 1844. It is to the advantage of his narrative that he witnessed the growth of the Preraphaelite movement from a distance, being then stationed at Newcastle. His poems had before this brought him the acquaintance of D. G. Rossetti, when a youth of nineteen; the acquaintance ripened into a friendship which continued through life, and was maintained by visits and correspondence. We understand that the Rossetti family have consented to the publication of Dante Gabriel's letters on artistic subjects. Their brightness, vivacity, and hearty vigour will be a surprise to those who have formed an idea of Rossetti as a languid erotic sentimentalist and mystic dreamer.

The Autobiography will contain also several interesting letters from Mr. Holman Hunt, another of Mr. Scott's lifelong friends. But the autobiographer's reminiscences are by no means exclusively concerning celebrities. He had a genuine dramatic interest in life, and his long career brought him in contact with many interesting characters, some of whom "might have been" and some of whom never cared to be famous. The work extends to two volumes, and is of exceedingly varied interest, the writer being a genial as well as an exact and philosophical observer.

Apropos of Lady Dufferin's book on Canada, it is worth recalling that her first production was a little *jeu d'esprit*, published by Mr. Murray in 1863, with the title 'Lispings from Low Latitudes; or, Extracts from the Journal of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington.' In a few prefatory lines, signed "Dufferin," the reader is told that a delay in the appearance of the work arose from the circumstance that the "Author and Artist" sustained about that time "a severe affliction." "Circumstances," he adds, "have now induced me to sanction its appearance." The little book is well enough, a pleasant comic sketch-book of Eastern travel, but it made little or no mark.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a new novel in three volumes, by 'Roy Tellet,' the author of 'The Outcasts.' The new work is entitled 'Pastor and Prelate,' and in it the writer returns to the study of clerical life and character which formed a conspicuous feature of 'The Outcasts.' We understand that the story hinges on certain strange incidents in the career of an Anglican bishop. The same author's last novel, 'A Draught of Lethe,' has been republished by Messrs. Lippincott in America and Baron Tauchnitz in Germany. A German translation is also in preparation.

'Roy Tellet' is, of course, a *nom de plume*, and the real authorship of these novels has up to the present time been kept a close secret.

Sir John Lubbock's book on 'The Beauties of Nature,' announced by Messrs. Macmillan, will contain chapters on Animals, Plants, Woods and Fields, Mountains, Rivers and Lakes, the Sea, the Heavens, etc. It will look at Nature mainly from the point of view of beauty, but, as might be expected, science has not been excluded altogether.

The forthcoming volume of 'Historical Essays,' Vol. IV., by Professor Freeman, will not contain any strictly new articles. All have appeared in various periodicals, but in many cases they have been revised and greatly altered, while two or three have been thrown together. The contents of the volume of miscellaneous essays have not yet been finally arranged.

Mrs. De Morgan, the widow of the celebrated mathematician, has died at Chelsea. She was in her way as remarkable as her husband, as independent, as disputatious, as affectionate. She was a daughter of William Frend, who was second wrangler at Cambridge, and who gave up good prospects as a clergyman because of conscientious scruples about doctrines. The Frends lived in what was Defoe's house at Stoke Newington, and De Morgan met his future wife there when she was nineteen and he twenty-one. Their marriage, however, did not take place till ten years later. De Morgan was a Unitarian of the old type, believing firmly in the miraculous. Miss Frend was brought up in her father's belief, "but had not adhered to it without much modification." Both objected to the Church of England marriage ceremony, and they were married at the registrar's office by the Rev. Thomas Madge, who left out what of the service they could not assent to with their whole hearts, and also "the long exordium of St. Paul on the duties of husbands and wives."

The marriage, in spite of bereavements and troubles arising from De Morgan's stern conscientiousness, was a very happy one, and Mrs. De Morgan's memoir of her husband is an interesting and even picturesque book. Their closest association was in the book, 'From Matter to Spirit: The Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations. Intended as a Guide to Enquirers. By C. D. With a Preface by A. B. (1863).' Mrs. De Morgan was C. D., her husband A. B., and the preface is perhaps as clever and characteristic as anything he ever wrote. His position was cautious: "The things which I have narrated were the beginning of a long series of experiences, many as remarkable as what I have given; many of a minor character, separately worth little, but jointly of weight, when considered in connection with the more decisive proofs of reality; many of a confirmatory tendency as mere facts, but of a character not instinctive of the reality and dignity of the spiritual world. The celebrated apparition of Giles Scroggins is a serious personage compared to some which have

fallen in my way, and a logical one too. If these things be spirits, they show that pretenders, coxcombs, and liars are to be found on the other side of the grave as well as on this; and what for no, as Meg Dods said?" Mrs. De Morgan went into the matter thoroughly, and made quite a theological system of the business. She speaks with some sympathy and respect of T. L. Harris.

Dr. Charles Creighton, whose 'History of Epidemics' is reviewed elsewhere in our present number, though he has incurred the hostility of some of his professional brethren by his views on vaccination, is very far from being the "crank" or sciolist that the orthodox expect to find in an Anti-Vaccinationist. He is, on the contrary, a man of singularly wide accomplishments, who has devoted his life to specialist scientific inquiry in a fashion that is rare in our country. He has never held any important scientific post, beyond having been for some time Demonstrator of Anatomy at Cambridge, and yet all his life—he is now a man of forty-four or thereby—he has been an ardent "researcher" in Pathology.

Dr. Creighton took the degrees of M.A. and M.D. at Aberdeen, and afterwards studied in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. He had published the results of not a few special investigations when his articles on Pathology and Vaccination in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* brought him into prominence. The latter article, in particular, brought a hornet's nest about his ears. Yet it was not published in any spirit of wilful paradox, but simply as the statement of conclusions to which he had been forced by patient and independent study of the facts, conclusions reached as the result of many years of study. Investigations into the true affinities of cow-pox were the starting-point of Dr. Creighton's conversion to the Anti-Vaccination heresy, and he followed up a treatise on this subject with a searching examination of the means whereby Jenner obtained general recognition of the efficacy of vaccination. The relentlessness with which he pushed home his arguments has not increased the love between him and the medical profession.

Dr. Creighton has all the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, and is a zealot in his uncompromising devotion to scientific truth. But the universality of his interests makes him popular among all lovers of good talk. We have heard more than one good judge pronounce him the best generally informed man they had ever met. Two of his favourite authors are Matthew Arnold and John Henry Newman—a thing hardly to be expected of a scientific enthusiast. Readers of his 'History of Epidemics,' which has occupied him chiefly for the last three or four years, will find in it many echoes of the diction of the 'Grammar of Assent.'

"Q."—Mr. Quiller-Couch's—*curiosa felicitas* in the choice of words has been remarked by critics from his first appearance as a writer. There is a noticeable example of it in 'The Blue Pavilions,' a verse translation of two lines from Virgil's Fourth Georgic:—

> At liquidi fontes et stagna virentia musco
> Adsint, et tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus.
>
> Let welling springs and spongy moss be nigh,
> And through the grass a streamlet fleeting by.

This, whether a child of "Q.'s" invention or of his adoption, is that rare thing, a perfect translation, every word and epithet exactly rendered into easy verse and nothing added. How good it is may be seen by comparison with Dryden's rendering:—

> But near a living stream their mansion place,
> Edged round with moss and tufts of matted grass.

"Mrs. Ward," says a correspondent, "is a woman of emphatically 'sane' views on most questions of the day, with the possible exception of Biblical criticism. She is firmly opposed to 'Women's Rights,' and accepts with satisfaction the position at present given to women in an advanced civilised community like England. She sympathises with her husband in his strong Unionism, and takes a careful *via media* attitude on labour questions. The bent of her nature is towards comprehension rather than sympathy, and though *savoir c'est pardonner* may be true, yet to be forgiving and appreciative is not the same as to be enthusiastic. In all this, close students of Mr. Matthew Arnold will recognise one who has fallen very deeply under his influences, and who has sworn allegiance to his cult of 'culture'—a word which in many cases might be replaced by 'receptivity.' That deep sense of responsibility in the use of the intellect—that burning desire to 'feel deep, think clear, bear fruit well'—that perpetual anxiety lest some side has been left unheard, lest some case has been overstated, or some personal bias taken the place of clear vision—all these traits of the great Matthew are to be found in his niece."

Which of all his poems does Lord Tennyson most admire? When asked to read any of his works aloud, he almost invariably selects the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' and, after that, 'Maud.' If this is claimed as a criterion, it may easily be a false one. Wordsworth was fond of reading his own poems out aloud, and rarely read his best. The best poems are not always those which are most suited to be read aloud. The fact, however, of the poet's usually reading this poem to his friends shows the nature of the estimation in which he holds it, though it is not necessarily a measure of the merits of the poem.

Lord Tennyson reads a great number of novels; the time spent in reading them is the evening. So engrossed does he become in their perusal, that it is a matter of difficulty to get him to bed. He rises late, and breakfasts in his bedroom, usually taking a stroll at about twelve and lunching at about two o'clock. Much of the afternoon is spent by himself, when he enjoys the luxury of his pipe (with which nothing is allowed to interfere), and refreshes himself with a nap. The contemplative old age of the laureate offers an interesting contrast to the vigorous ending of his great contemporary Robert Browning. In the matter of reading, too, there is room for an interesting comparison, when we notice that Browning's favourite reading latterly consisted not of novels, but of memoirs—a comparison which illustrates how much more strongly the historical instinct was developed in Browning than in Tennyson. If we compare 'The Ring and the Book' with the 'Idylls of the King,' we see how the one is characterised by its historic fidelity, the other by the romance which to so great an extent takes the place of history.

'Roy the Royalist,' the new romance which Mr. William Westall will contribute to the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, will appear in volume form in England and America as soon as the three months (which time the publishers of the magazine always stipulate shall expire before the issue of any *Lippincott* novel in volume form) has expired. The novel will be slightly longer in volume form than in the magazine issue.

The poem by the late Philip Bourke Marston which appears in the first number of the *Idler* had its origin in the fact of a friend of Marston's, Mr. H. E. Clarke, seeing the words, "Dead Leaves Whisper," chalked upon a wall, and mentioning the matter to the blind poet, who was struck by the poetical nature of the conceit, and decided at once to write some verses upon the subject.

The Mr. Kennedy (Mr. Jerome does not give his initials) who contributes to the "Idlers' Club" of the same magazine, is Mr. H. A. Kennedy, who recently published an article upon the drama in the *Nineteenth Century*, and who has a play now running at the Strand Theatre. Mr. Kennedy was the co-founder with Mr. Henry Page, the artist, of a club, which has the distinctive and original features of having no name, no rules, no subscription, no officer, temporary or permanent, salaried or non-salaried. On the only document which is issued by the club (a list of the dates of meeting, with a rough water-colour outline by Mr. Page in the corner) it is stated that the premises, which do not belong to it, are contained in the Bull and Bush Hotel, Hampstead, and that the only thing that may with confidence be affirmed is that the members will be found lunching at the above hotel at one o'clock on the first day of the month.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. will shortly issue a new and cheaper edition of 'The Poets' Bible,' edited by the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, author of 'Is there a Future Life?' and 'The Hymn Lover,' and editor of 'Congregational Hymns.' The work, which will be published as before in two volumes (a "New Testament Section" and an "Old Testament Section") is an attempt to gather together the best poems which are illustrative of, or refer to, the different portions of the Bible, and is now out of print.

The papers entitled 'Finger Posts to Fairy Lands,' which Miss Christabel Coleridge has been running through the *Monthly Packet*, and which may be described as a sort of child's edition of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' may shortly be expected to be issued in volume form.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, the author of 'The End of a Life' and 'Folly and Fresh Air,' has gone for a sea-voyage to the West Indies in the search for health and the materials for a new book.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has written a story which will appear in the May number of *Sylvia's Journal*.

The next volume of Mr. A. H. Miles's 'Poets and Poetry of the Century' will be devoted to woman-poets, and will in all probability be followed by a volume of 'Sacred Poets.'

There has been found among the late Lord Lytton's papers a sufficient number of unpublished poems to make up a small volume, which it is expected will shortly be issued.

Who first used the title "Præterita"? Was it "William Lancaster" (J. Leicester Warren) in his volume of poems so titled, published by Macmillan in 1863?

Miss Braddon, in a letter published in the *Critic*, September 1st, 1863, says, "Besides these novels, I have at the same time edited a monthly review and a weekly review, and I wrote anonymously a great many articles for the latter." Can any reader supply the names of these periodicals?

The publication of a volume of Sir Fitzjames Stephen's contributions to the *Saturday Review* recalls a curious incident in the early history of that journal. In the *Critic* for January 28, 1860, an irate advertisement appeared from Charles Reade apropos of a review of Winwood Reade's 'Liberty Hall,' which ends thus: "Mr. Stephen's subsequent statement as to Mr. C. Reade's way of dealing with institutions is a falsehood, and it is to be feared an intentional one; it is also a terribly stale one. This is about the eighth time he has uttered it in the *Saturday Review* *apropos of other men's books;* it is really more like an irritated starling than a man. Mr. Reade has already pledged himself to expose this falsehood, when he can bring down something bigger than a starling with the same stone." He also accused Mr. Stephen of being "a snob, a vain dunce," "spitting venom on the delicate relations of life."

Mr. Stephen wrote to Mr. Reade: "If every one were to disavow whatever might be falsely ascribed to him, it would be in the power of any one to put an end to anonymous journalism by guessing with sufficient frequency and recklessness at the names of the authors of publications that might displease him. I am induced to make an exception in your case, not for the purpose of answering a charge which I am in no way bound to notice, but because the extravagant insolence of your language disposes me to take an opportunity of showing how little credit ought to be attached to such statements as that on which your advertisement is founded. I therefore inform you that I did not write the review in question—that I do not know who did write it—that I had no share, direct or indirect, in its composition or publication—and that I have not even read Mr. Winwood Reade's book."

To this Reade replied: "You disavow on grounds I scarcely understand, and in terms I have at present no right to object to, the dastardly article in the *Saturday Review* on 'Liberty Hall.' But the latter part of my advertisement is in answer not merely to that single impertinence, but to a series of attacks in the *Saturday Review* on *my* veracity, and even on my motives. How am I to deal with this? Am I to understand that you are not the author of any of these ungenerous and persistent slanders?"

This brought a crushing and conclusive rejoinder from Mr. Stephen: "You have entirely misunderstood my letter of the 1st instant. It did not admit your right to interrogate

me as to the authorship of anonymous publications. . . . If I were to admit your right to question me in one case, I must admit it in all cases; and if I did so I should renounce the right which every one possesses of anonymous authorship. I should also furnish you with a precedent for making similar demands upon others, and should thus assist you in doing so. I will be no party to such proceedings; but even had I been disposed to such a course, the abuse contained in your advertisement would have prevented me from taking it."

Reade then advertised a reward of five pounds to any person who "shall detect and discover to him," etc., etc. But even his own friends condemned him. The lesson of the correspondence still needs to be pressed. Authors who are resolved to identify their anonymous critics often fix on the wrong man. There is little personal malignity in high-class journalism, and what there is may be largely traced to complete misunderstandings. The confident identifications from "internal evidence" are almost invariably wrong; and gossip is generally even further astray.

Mrs. Bishop, the authoress of 'Travels in Persia and Khurdistan,' is not writing anything for the press at present. She has been giving a number of lectures, beginning on Nov. 12th with the anniversary address in Edinburgh to the members of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society on 'The Upper Karun Region.' She purposes to give several lectures on 'Persia and the Persians,' 'Some Social and Religious Customs of the Tibetans,' and on 'The Christians of the Khurdistan Mountains' in February and March, as well as several addresses on 'Medical Missions,' this being their jubilee year. She has no journey in immediate prospect, but thinks of going sometime to Corea and Manchuria.

Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the African traveller, will shortly revisit America for the purpose of arranging for the American edition of her book describing her African experiences, which is rapidly nearing completion. Although she was scarcely six months in the country, she has secured a really wonderful collection of photographs of people and places, with which her book is to be illustrated, and such an abundance of material that her task has been one of condensation rather than expansion. She has brought back much new information that African travellers have not hitherto been able to secure.

The Society of Authors' Syndicate, under the able management of Mr. Morris Colles, is making decided headway. Only so much commission is charged as cover necessary expenses.

Messrs. Cassell and Company, referring to a paragraph in our last number, send us a reprint of Arthur Young's 'Tour in Ireland,' which forms a part of their admirable National Library, and to which we have much pleasure in directing attention.

The bookbinders' dispute can hardly be said to be ended. The question of overtime is not settled. Masters are not using it, and workers in many cases wish more employment. Later on a compromise will probably be effected.

Scottish. We need not join in the disputes over the poetic worth of "Scots wha Hae." But it is perhaps worth while for Burns editors to remember that Scott once volunteered to complete it. Mr. Shortrede, of Jedburgh, an intimate friend of Sir Walter, went one day into his sitting-room, and found Sir Walter waiting for him with a volume of Burns in his hand, reading the letter which contained the famous lines of Bruce's address to his men before Bannockburn. As he closed the volume, Sir Walter said: "I always thought that the opening of those beautiful lines as you read them by themselves was too abrupt, and that if Burns had not sent them in a letter to a friend he would have introduced them with some sort of description of the scene or of the circumstances under which they were spoken. Mr. Shortrede at first questioned the soundness of this criticism, but after some discussion asked what kind of introduction his friend would have? Sir Walter rejoined, "Why, something of this kind"—and taking a pencil, wrote on the fly-leaf of the volume of Burns the following lines:—

By Bannockburn proud Edward lay;
The Scots they were na far away,
Just waiting for the break o' day
To show them which were best.
The sun rose o'er the purple heath,
And lighted up the field of death;
When Bruce wi' soul-inspiring breath
His soldiers thus addrest:—
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," etc.

The lines were given by Mr. Shortrede's son to Sir Bartle Frere.

Irish. The Bishop of Down and Connor, the Right Rev. W. Reeves, D.D., died in Dublin on Tuesday, the 12th ult., of an attack of bronchitis brought on by the late severe weather. He was engaged at the time of his death in revising the proofs of his history of the Book of Armagh, delivered in a series of addresses before the Royal Irish Academy. By his death we lose one of the foremost of English antiquarian scholars. His edition of Adaman's 'Life of Columba' is a monumental work, and the notes are a mine of learning concerning the ancient state of these islands Dr. Reeves was President of the Royal Irish Academy at the time of his death.

Dr. Reeves' labours have borne fruit in Ireland in one direction, and that a special one. Almost all or the greater part of the literature locally produced is now more or less antiquarian. Since the New Year began we have, for instance, seen a valuable work produced by the University Printing Press. Its title is 'Account Roll of the Priory of the Holy Trinity,' and its author is Mr. James Mills, of the Dublin Record Office. This work is very important, because it presents us with the accounts of a mediæval Dublin convent, with prices of household wares, farm produce, etc., about the time of Edward III. In this respect this new book is fully equal to Bishop Swinfield's 'Household Roll' in the Camden Society's series. It is preceded by an interesting essay on housekeeping in Dublin in the thirteenth century. The whole work is of

great importance as illustrating the social and economic condition of the agricultural classes in the fourteenth century.

In another respect this new volume is unique, as Mr. Mills found on the back of his roll of accounts a moral play or Morality that is absolutely the oldest that has ever been found in the English language. Its title is the 'Pride of Life,' and it consists of a prologue containing 112 lines and a play containing 390 lines. Professor Morley gave an interesting notice of this play in the seventh volume of 'English Writers' published last summer, derived from information furnished to him by Mr. Mills. It is now printed for the first time.

Dr. Mahaffy read an additional paper on his finds among the Fayûm Manuscripts at the first meeting of the Irish Academy for the New Year. It is a curious circumstance that the members of this learned society never seem to have heard of the great Fayûm find that Vienna scholars have been expounding and investigating for ten years. They lie under the impression that their own society was the first to introduce to the world a knowledge of the Fayûm Manuscripts, and have never heard of the Archduke Rainer and the 30,000 documents he brought to Vienna from Fayûm twelve years ago.

Dr. Ingram will probably be the new President of the Royal Irish Academy in succession to Bishop Reeves. He is well known as a student and writer on political economy, but best of all perhaps as the author of 'Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?" He is also a man of very wide general culture. He was formerly Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin.

The Celtic Churches, the ruins of which still exist in the Co. Dublin, were described by Mr. Wakeman; Lord Walter Fitzgerald read a paper on the swearing-stone preserved at Kilkea Castle, Co. Kildare; and Rev. Father Murphy, a learned Jesuit, exhibited and described the shrine of St. Caillin, which is very similar to one that was fished up last summer from the bottom of Lough Erne.

Father Murphy, who is an indefatigable writer and student, is now engaged upon a life of Red Hugh O'Donel, a celebrated Celtic chieftain of Queen Elizabeth's time. He has just published an elaborate work on Holycross Abbey, in the Co. Tipperary.

Journalism. The decease of the *Anti-Jacobin* is to be regretted, for though not exactly a lively paper, it contained much good writing. Than Mr. Greenwood there are few more conscientious editors. He is punctual at his office, scrupulous in reading all matter which appears in his pages, and, as many of his contributors think, too much addicted to making alterations, "hacking and hewing," as Carlyle called it. Some of his very ablest contributors, however, have said that he invariably improved their work, and that he had an unerring judgment in deciding whether their articles were good or bad. Inflexible in his notions of journalistic propriety, Mr. Greenwood would elect to abandon an enterprise rather than give in to new ideas he disapproved of.

The *Idler*, as the editors will probably admit, has not yet reached the standard it may reasonably hope to attain. It is a fat, dumpy, little periodical, sewn very close, so that it requires violent efforts to open it. When it is neglected for a moment it snaps together viciously, and it is impossible to find the place again. But the sight of Mr. Lang presiding over the New Humourists is both pleasing and pathetic, and there is plainly talent enough about the office to produce a far better periodical. Will the British public permanently support a magazine that makes no attempt to improve them—that contains no stories of sagacious kangaroos? We doubt it. But the fact that the first edition of the first number was 150,000 tells a tale.

Mr. Gordon Bennett has finally succumbed to the inevitable, and the last relic of the London edition of the *New York Herald* has vanished. Enormous sums have been spent, and we understand that Mr. Bennett received an offer of £5,000 for *The Herald* before it expired. He preferred, however, to kill the paper outright.

Mr. Ralph Blumenfeld, who has been the managing director of *The Herald* for the last year, will still remain in London, and, in connection with Mr. T. B. Fielders, will have charge of *The Herald* News Bureau. Mr. Blumenfeld has shown unusual activity and enterprise in his management of the paper, and it is certainly not through any fault of his that it has not been more successful.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone is to receive £100 for each of the articles he is about to contribute to the *North American Review*. It is doubtful whether he will get anything for simultaneous publication in this country. We may mention that he received £100 for each article of the series on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" from the proprietors of *Good Words*, and an equal sum from the proprietors of the American *Sunday School Times*, who had advance proofs of the papers.

A short time since conversation one day in the Chicago Press Club turned upon the Bible as a literary work. To such a degree was opinion harmonious that it was suggested that a systematic study of the Bible from a purely literary point of view be entered upon. The plan "caught on," and the class has been organised and the work begun. The project is to devote the time to informal discussions of particular chapters and passages designated before each session. The idea, while no novelty, may be considered something new for clubs, but the interest awakened by the scheme is earnest. Says one of the members: "The Bible contains the best English and the best Saxon of any work known. In my opinion, if every reporter made a study of the Bible for the purpose of bettering his literary style, he would be repaid many fold, both mentally and financially."

Continental. A new French edition of Lord Byron, translated by Mr. Daniel Lesueur, is being brought out by Lemerre. As if by way of apology or explanation for what might be considered a superfluity in

France, where Byron has always been a hero, it is stated in the announcement of the book in a literary journal, that his popular reputation is based rather on a knowledge of the incidents of his life than on an intimate acquaintance with his poetry, on the part of his admirers.

In M. Julien Lemer's 'Balzac, sa vie et son œuvre' (Sauvaitre), there are many interesting personal reminiscences, the writer having known the novelist very intimately as well as the circle in which he moved.

The fifth series of 'Les Contemporains,' short studies of the chief figures of interest in the France of to-day, by M. Jules Lemaître, has just appeared. The two most striking portraits are perhaps those of M. Renan and M. Guy de Maupassant.

The 'Nouveau Dictionnaire d'économie Politique,' edited by M. Léon Say and M. Joseph Chailley, has reached its sixteenth part. In the new issue the careful and interesting articles on Adam Smith, Saint-Simon, and J. B. Say are the most attractive contributions to non-specialists.

An excellent edition of Leopardi's letters, edited by Prospero Viani, is being brought out at Florence (Successori Le Monnier). Vols. 1, 2, and 3 are ready.

The new edition of Rousseau, 'La vie et les œuvres de J. J. Rousseau,' par M. H. Baudoin (Lamulle et Poisson), is a very carefully executed bit of work. M. Baudoin has gone over the whole ground with great completeness, and the critical analyses of the works, which are a special feature, has been admirably carried out, though it may be granted that the task was, in Rousseau's case, rather superfluous.

A new novel, 'Le Roman d'une Croyante' by Jean de la Brète, is announced. The author is best known by his amusing tale of 'Mon Oncle et mon Curé,' which was crowned by the Academy.

M. Hippolyte Fournier has written a preface to an edition of the 'Mémoires de Madame du Hausset' (Librairie des Bibliophiles). Madame du Hausset was Madame de Pompadour's *femme de chambre* and her recollections are a valuable, if not very edifying, contribution to the history of the Court of the 'Grand Monarque.'

An important and comprehensive work, dealing with Bulgaria at the present day, has been published at Vienna by Dr. Constantine Jireček. It deals with the natural resources of the country, its inhabitants, economic condition, religion, its political struggles, administration, and most recent history.

In connection with this work the reissue of Hauptmann Robert Möller's 'History of the War of 1885, from the Bulgarian and Servian Point of View' (Helwing, Hanover), will be hailed with interest. It contains a map of the theatre of the war, and numerous sketches of the battle-fields.

The first half of a long-promised Life of Franz Bopp, the founder of modern German philology, has recently appeared from the pen of Dr. S. Lefmann, Bopp's literary executor (Berlin, Reimer). The volume deals with the life of the philologist up to 1833, the date of the publication of his famous Comparative Grammar. A selection from Bopp's Correspondence, with both the Humboldt's, August von Schlegel, and others, has been added, and forms the most interesting portion of the book so far as it has yet been completed.

The 'Recollections of Dr. von Döllinger,' which Fräulein Louise von Kobell has given to the world, have a special interest of their own. The book does not aim at being a complete biography, nor at giving any weighty judgment on his work, but it throws a warm and sympathetic light on his private life and character. When Fräulein von Kobell some years ago published the biography of her father, Dr. Döllinger expressed his regret that he had no one belonging to him who would deal with his memory in the same kindly and intelligent fashion. The observation being handed on to her, the present book is the fulfilment of what was regarded as a sacred request.

A translation of the 'Life of Mackay of Uganda,' by Herr J. H. Nebinger, has received a hearty welcome in Germany. Some personal recollections of Mackay contributed by Dr. Wilhelm Baur, add to the interest of the book for German readers. Every scrap of writing connected with the colonization of Africa would seem to be read with avidity just now in Germany, but this book has had especial attention, and one critic describes it as "fascinating," as well as "timely and instructive."

Dr. Wilhelm Hasbach's 'Untersuchungen über Adam Smith und die Entwickelung der Politischen Oekonomie' (Duncker und Humblot, Leipzig), is a valuable contribution to the history of the development of economics. It goes over the same ground as his former work, which traced the systems of François Quesnay and Adam Smith back to Locke and Shaftesbury, but deals much more exhaustively with the various influences at work in Smith that bore fruit in 'The Wealth of Nations.'

American. William Black's new story, 'The Magic Ink,' at present appearing in *Good Words*, will be published serially in *Harper's Bazaar*. The first instalment appears in the issue of January 9th, and the story will run through about four numbers.

The March number of *Scribner's Magazine* will contain a poem—the last one written—by James Russell Lowell, and it is claimed the only one of consequence which he left in manuscript. With the text of the poem, which is published by arrangement with Mr. Lowell's literary executor, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, will be printed a fac-simile from the manuscript of one of the stanzas.

The following sonnet of Lowell does not appear among the 'Earlier Poems' as now printed in his collected works:

My friend, adown Life's Valley, hand in hand,
With grateful change of grave and merry speech
Of song, our hearts unlocking each to each,
We'll journey onward to the silent land;
And when stern Death shall loose that loving band,
Taking in his cold hand a hand of ours,
The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers,
Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned.
My friend and brother! if thou goest first,
Wilt thou no more revisit me below?
Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly
And swells, not dreaming why, as it would burst
With joy unspeakable, my soul shall know
That thou, unseen, art bending over me.

Harper and Brothers will publish this month in their *Franklin Square Library*, 'Mrs. Dines's Jewels,' by W. Clarke Russell; 'The Baroness,' a novel by Frances Mary Peard; also, the 'Letters of Field-Marshal Count von Moltke to His Mother and His Brothers,' translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. They have in press an interesting little book on French Revolutionary history, by Louise Imogen Guiney. It is entitled 'Monsieur Henri: a footnote to French history,' and deals with Henri de La Rochejaqueline, of the Army of La Vendée.

Mr. Howells goes to the *Cosmopolitan* mainly to be freed from the necessity of writing so much. He calculates that he will produce only about half of what he is publishing now, and looks forward with pleasure to the work of editing and administration.

Miscellaneous.

David Scott the painter's impressions of Emerson are partly given in the remarkable memoir by William Bell Scott, his brother. A fuller statement we extract from a letter addressed by David Scott to the Rev. Dr. Simpson, late of Derby, then of Forres. It is dated 10th February, 1848. "Last night Emerson arrived in Edinburgh, and immediately lectured. I heard him, and afterwards supped with him, and this morning he was here at breakfast. It is curious to encounter the individual after forming a picture from the works of an eminent man. I had expected characteristics in Emerson which the first view did not realise; since that, however, I find much that I can assimilate with his works in his person and bearing. He has a small-looking face and head, topping the rather sloping shoulders of a tall, long-necked, somewhat slender man, and his bearing is easy, with dignity and composure. His hands are prominently large in proportion to his head, his nose beaked, and underlip a little projecting; altogether there is on first view the impression of severity of character, and on meeting him in private that of steady gentleness and power."

It is stated in the *Life of Washington Irving* that in 1828 Mr. Murray offered Irving the editorship of a monthly magazine. The author, writing to his brother, says, "Murray is about to set up a monthly magazine, free from political or party bias, purely literary and scientific. He has offered me a thousand pounds a year to conduct it, besides paying liberally for any articles I might contribute to it. I have declined his offer, principally because I will not bind myself to any undertaking, however lucrative, that would oblige me to fix my residence out of America."

In THE BOOKMAN we page advertisements with the letterpress. Much is lost when literary journals are bound up without their advertisements. We are even inclined to think that magazine volumes, at least the copies preserved in great libraries, should contain the covers and advertisements, carefully preserved and bound at the end. From such sources it would be interesting to compile lists of books announced, but never actually published. As a beginning we give 'The Household Hymns of Germany and the North,' announced in 1862 by Messrs. Strahan and Co. Miss Greenwell had no great knowledge of German, but her insight and genius would certainly have given us a book more than worthy to stand with 'Lyra Germanica' and 'Hymns from the Land of Luther.' We shall be glad of any help in making a tolerably full list.

The Carr's-lane Young Men's Bible Class, Birmingham (Dr. R. W. Dale's), have purchased during the year the following books for their library: 'Life in an Indian Village,' 'The Light that Failed,' 'Plain Tales,' 'New England Nun,' 'Ordeal of Richard Feveril,' 'My Shipmate Louise,' Smith's 'Isaiah,' 'Noughts and Crosses,' 'Lyra Heroica,' nine volumes English Statesmen series—a peculiar list for a Bible class, but a very good list for all that.

NÆNIA FLOSCULI.

(XVII. Century.)

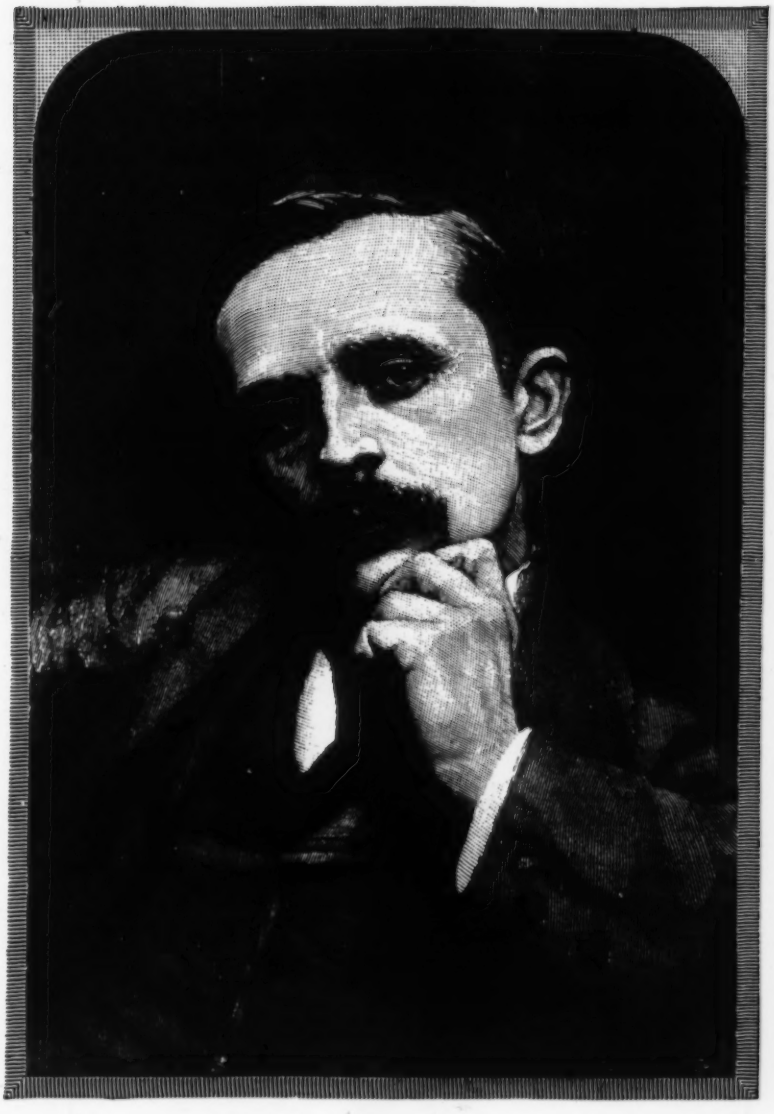
Sleep, little flower, the sleep of death—
No twilight dew
To cool thy breath,
Nor wind that on thy fellows blew
At eager morn!
Patient all night in my sick-room
Outwatch the lamp, and so adorn
Thy thankless tomb!

Weep, little flower, so rathe to fade,
This last small tear
For me delayed—
Pure well where lies a truth most clear;
And thus it reads,
That Grief by Pity's tear is drowned,
And fair is Death by starry deeds
Of Mercy crowned.

Die, little flower, sweet comrade, die,
Of patient cheer,
For thou shalt lie
Upon my Psalter for a bier,
And buried be
Among its leaves, that when I turn
A choice ensample I may see
Of what I learn.

Y. Y. 1870.

Presented with THE BOOKMAN, *February*, 1892.



Yours truly
J. M. Barrie.

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER V.

The Baring Episode—Carlyle's silence contrasted with Mr. Froude's disclosures — The episode more fruitful of "reflections" than of "recollections"—Mrs. Carlyle consults Mazzini, and his advice to her—Mazzini on Carlyle and Carlyle on Mazzini—Carlyle's brothers—Dr. John Carlyle—Wotton Reinfred and Sartor Resartus.

CARLYLE was still at work on the second edition of his Cromwell when there occurred the painful episode in his married life to which reference has been previously made. Mrs. Carlyle was dissatisfied with Lady Harriet Baring's demeanour to her as a guest, and was disinclined to reappear in that character. Though Carlyle thought her repugnance unreasonable, and allowed it to irritate him extremely, he deferred to it so far as even to think of discontinuing his own visits to the Barings. He hinted as much to Lady Harriet, who received the intimation, he wrote to his wife, "with fully more indifference than I expected," a response characteristic of "the high lady," as Carlyle was wont to call her. Before very long matters were made up for a time at least, and Mrs. Carlyle resumed her visits to the Barings.

From the dates given by Mr. Froude, I see that I was an occasional visitor to the Chelsea household when this unhappy disagreement arose. I observed at the time that Carlyle was more than usually irritable. "Women are very silly creatures," was one of the hasty generalisations in which he indulged, and he protested against his wife's then admiration of George Sand—ebullitions which she witnessed in silence. Of course I knew nothing of the probable cause of Carlyle's irritation, and like the rest of the world, would have known nothing of it but for Mr. Froude's revelations. Indeed, it is very noticeable that when editing his wife's letters for possible publication, Carlyle omitted all those of them written when she left London for the North, a little later, in a very angry mood, and that when expressing penitence, in the Reminiscences, for his marital shortcomings, he forbore any mention of this Baring episode. But if the episode is one which yields little or nothing in the way of "Recollections," it may well be suggestive of "Reflections." Strange irony of fate! Mrs. Carlyle had worked unweariedly and suffered uncomplainingly, for some twenty years, to forward her husband on his toilsome path to eminence, and now it was the very altitude which he had reached in this intimacy with the Barings that led to the first great breach between the two. Mr. Froude blames both of them impartially, Carlyle for not sufficiently considering the feelings of his wife, and Mrs. Carlyle for exaggerating her grievance. But surely there is a third person involved in this unhappy business who has escaped well-deserved censure—Lady Ashburton herself. Mr. Froude tells the very edifying story of an invitation from Lady Ashburton to Mrs. Carlyle, asking her to spend December at the Grange, the chief country seat of the Ashburtons, while Carlyle was to remain at home busy with one of his books, the motive of the invitation being that Mrs. Carlyle should help in amusing some of her hostess's guests. "She did not wish to go," Mr. Froude says, "and yet she hardly dared say no. She consulted John Carlyle," her husband's medical brother, and this is an extract from her letter to him: "Heaven knows what is to be said from me individually. If I refuse this time she," Lady Ashburton, "will quarrel with me outright. That is her way, and to quarrel with her involves also quarrelling with Mr. Carlyle. It is not a thing to be done lightly." Why should Lady Ashburton "quarrel outright" with Mrs. Carlyle for refusing to be dragged from home to spend December in amusing the great lady's guests? It was wrong of Carlyle to be ready to quarrel with his wife because Lady Ashburton quarrelled with her on that paltry ground. But the prime offender was the great lady, who showed so much selfishness and little delicacy of feeling in trying to coerce the wife into becoming an unwilling guest, knowing doubtless very well that the husband's wrath would be the penalty of refusal.

Mr. Froude has printed two replies of Mazzini to appeals made to him by Mrs. Carlyle for sympathy in the dire distress of mind which the Baring episode was causing her. Among her complaints was that of a profound feeling of loneliness; another was that her life was an "empty" one. Mazzini's consolations on the first of these laments point to previous conversations between the two on life and death, and on the commune of the living with the beloved dead—reference to which may have surprised those who knew Mrs. Carlyle only as a brilliant and satirical hostess. To her complaint of leading an "empty" life, Mazzini's admonitory response was naturally "do good," "get up and work"—advice more easily given than followed. Mrs. Carlyle had a kindly disposition, and often in an impulsive way "did good" to a greater extent than she received credit for. But the objects of her kindness were those in whom she took a personal interest, and the comprehensive feminine philanthropy now so rife was not at all in her way. I asked her once why she did not write a book. She replied that her "ideal was too high." Otherwise, to judge from little pieces of hers in prose and verse printed since her death, composed with more deliberation than the letters, which she dashed off in hot haste, and exhibiting keen insight and a peculiar delicacy of thought and feeling, she might have made some very interesting and striking contributions to minor literature.

When Mrs. Carlyle made these appeals to Mazzini her intimacy with him and admiration for him were at their highest. He had been then nearly ten years an exile in England. While carrying on, under constant espionage, with ceaseless activity and marvellous dexterity and fertility of resource, his "Young Italy" propagandism, he supported himself partly by writing high-toned articles for magazines and reviews. Among these was the *Monthly Chronicle*, which was edited by Bulwer (afterwards the first Lord Lytton), then a Liberal and something more, and which came to grief, and the also long-defunct *British and Foreign Review*, founded and munificently supported by a wealthy northern M.P., Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, an advanced Liberal and ardent anti-Russian, its editor being John Mitchell Kemble (a son of Charles), the "J. M. K." to whom Tennyson, his early friend, addressed a fine sonnet, but who, instead of becoming, as predicted by the poet, a "latter

Luther and a soldier-priest," achieved distinction as an Anglo-Saxon scholar. To each of these periodicals Mazzini contributed an article on Carlyle, eloquent and highly appreciative, but containing a friendly and sorrowful protest against Carlyle's view of "heroes" as the all-important factors in the history of man, Mazzini opposing to it what he described as "the great religious idea, the continuous development of humanity, according to an educational plan designed by Providence." But in spite of all differences of opinion, theoretical and practical, Carlyle greatly admired the noble-minded Italian patriot. There is still remembered Carlyle's indignant protest against the opening, for the benefit of the Austrian Government, at the General Post Office, of Mazzini's letters by Sir James Graham, then Peel's Home Secretary, whom Carlyle defined to me as a "border-reiver" disguised as a Minister of State. In his protest, addressed to and published by the *Times*, Carlyle spoke of Mazzini as "a man of genius and virtue . . . . one of those rare men numerable unfortunately but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr-souls." Years afterwards I heard Carlyle say, "When I first met Mazzini I thought him the most beautiful creature I had ever seen—but entirely unpractical," Mrs. Carlyle, by this time a little disenchanted, quietly adding, "he twaddled." This was just after the arrival of the news of the crushing defeat inflicted at Novara on Charles Albert and his Piedmontese army by Radetzky and his Austrians—another illustration, Carlyle said, of what "Dutch bottom" could do. Whatever material progress there had been in Italy, such as road-making, was due, he opined, to the Austrians. However, he wound up with the avowal, made, I thought, rather reluctantly, "But I hope they" (the Austrians) "will be driven out."

Next to his wife in devotion to Carlyle, but at a considerable distance, was his brother John, "Jack," or "The Doctor," his junior by some six years. Of his three brothers, John was the only one who was enabled to adopt a profession, and that mainly through Carlyle's great generosity to him, and at a time when he himself had a hard struggle to maintain. Carlyle's favourite brother, however, was, he told me, Alexander, "Alec," two years his junior, whose "little white nieves" (*Anglicé*, fists) he could still see gleaming in the summer evening dusk, raised in defence of his elder brother in boyish school or village-fights. Farming was Alec's vocation, but after several failures he migrated to Canada, and was the first of the brothers to die. Carlyle said he "wanted patience," and spoke self-reproachfully of having done him no good by putting the Abbé Raynal's and other fiery books into his hands. The remaining and youngest brother James was, like Alec, a farmer, but "he adapted himself," Carlyle reported, "to the new modes of farming," and throve in his native district. He appears to have been far the least cultivated of the three—Carlyle called him a "very inarticulate man." He survived all his brothers.

Dr. John Carlyle, at the time of which I write, had given up practising as a physician, and, being an accomplished Italian scholar, was employing his ample leisure in executing his well-known and admirable English prose translation of Dante's 'Inferno.' As travelling physician to the Countess of Clare, and afterwards to the late Duke of Buccleuch, he had seen a great deal of the Continent, besides having in earlier years studied medicine in Germany. The Countess of Clare left him a pension sufficient for his modest wants. He lived in lodgings not far from the Carlyles, of whom he was a constant visitor. He gave them medical advice when it was needed, was his brother's companion on many a London expedition, and was always ready to do anything for him in reason. "I preach cheerfulness to him," the Doctor told me; he did not say with what result. He was very intelligent and well-informed, a harder, drier, more reticent Carlyle, I thought, with little of his brother's irritability or genius. He admired that brother greatly, and had adopted some of his opinions, but he was much more democratic, and would sometimes meekly champion the elective principle in politics in opposition to his brother's scornful denunciations of franchise, ballot, and all the rest of it. From what he had seen of the Roman Catholic Church on the Continent, he always spoke respectfully of it: his brother never.

Dr. Carlyle contributed, though indirectly, to the production of 'Sartor Resartus.' It is evident that his brother's fragment of a novel, 'Wotton Reinfred,' now being published for the first time in a contemporary periodical, was laid aside to make way and to furnish at least some material for the 'Life and Opinions of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh.' Whole passages of the novel are transferred to 'Sartor,' notably a very fine one descriptive of mountain scenery, which in the later redaction the forlorn and foot-sore Teufelsdröckh is contemplating when the faithless Blumine and her husband are driven past him on their wedding tour in a barouche and four. In the novel, the first evening passed by the hero in the society of Jane Montagu, with whom he falls in love (Jane was Mrs. Carlyle's Christian name, and the Basil Montagus were among Carlyle's earliest friends in London), and their final parting are described in almost the same words as are the analogous scenes in 'Sartor.' When the conception of a Clothes philosophy flashed on Carlyle, as recorded by him in the Reminiscences, he needed a setting for it more appropriate and adequate than a Scottish fiction afforded. Dr. Carlyle supplied what was wanted. His early residence in Munich enabled him to furnish his brother with descriptions of the life, habits, and surroundings of German Professors, from their philosophic beer-drinking in the *Grüne Gans* to their transcendental musings in such a watch-tower as that of the Wahngasse. During a later visit of Dr. Carlyle's to Munich (in 1835) Carlyle writes to him (with a complimentary message to "Herr Schelling," then a Professor at Munich): "It seems to me always that you ought to meet Teufelsdröckh in some of the coffee-houses of Munich. Do they meet at that one yet"—the *Grüne Gans*—"and drink beer?" Three years before he wrote thus, the British scenery and characters of 'Wotton Reinfred' having been discarded, 'Sartor Resartus' had begun to dawn on a reading public which knew not what to make of it, and it was dismissed by one Sir Oracle of literary opinion as "clothed nonsense." "These London men," Dr. Carlyle once said to me, with more feeling than he was wont to show, "tried to keep my brother down, but they couldn't." The book which was to London publishers a stumbling-block and to London critics foolishness, has now its millions of readers, and is enrolled among the classics of the world. Φ

J. M. BARRIE.

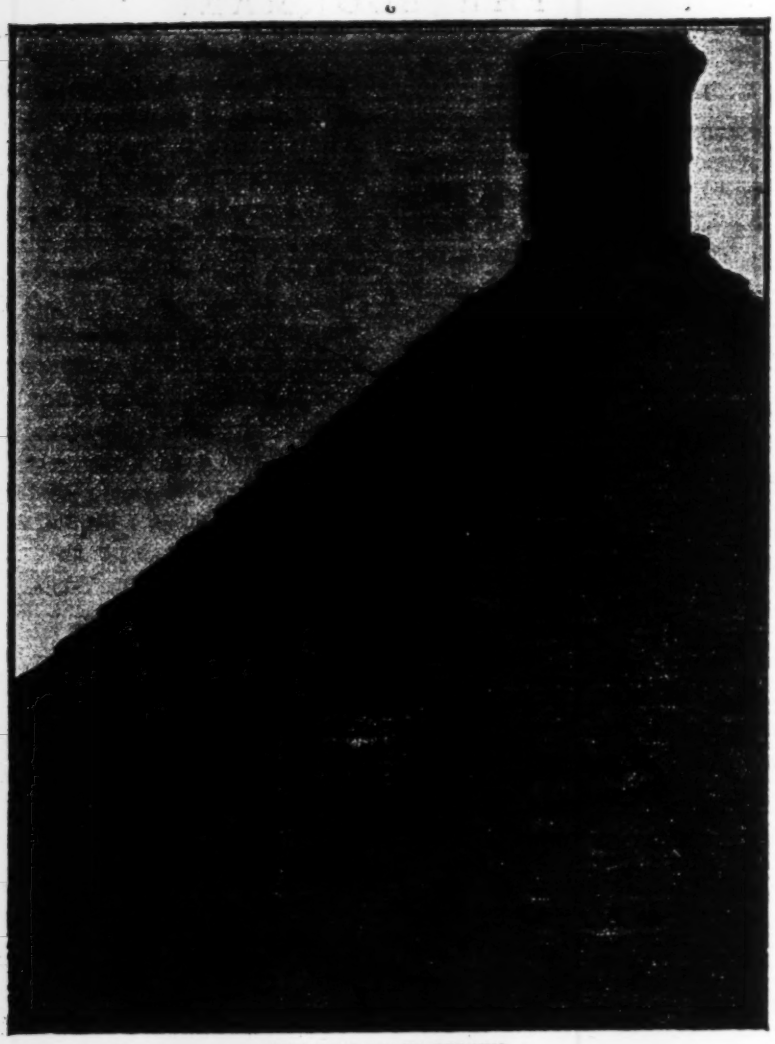
AMONG novelists there are some whom we love; others to whom we are accustomed; and others again whom we are constrained to respect for their commercial agility. By these last I mean the sedulous gentlemen with hand-bags who scour the earth for local colour, bring it home, and deliver it at our doors. There is Mr. Marion Crawford, for instance—*in cælum jusseris, ibit*—who, though by no means an old man, has already written with equal dexterity and truth of India, Hungary, Italy, Germany, England, and America. And perhaps we owe something more than our respect to him and his imitators. In childhood we used to be asked, *à propos* of cinnamon and spermaceti, by a Nursery Guide to Knowledge, "Ought we not, as we consume these articles, to feel grateful to the mariners who procure and bring them at such risk from the ends of the earth?" So these writers compel our gratitude; Mr. Barrie, who differs from them in most respects, conciliates our love.

He was born at Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, of an old Kirriemuir stock; and it is Kirriemuir that, under the name of Thrums, he has immortalised with more than one legend. For I cannot believe that his 'Little Minister,' beautiful work as it is, will outlive or overshadow the concluding chapters of 'A Window in Thrums.' I find these chapters so simply poignant, so true to race and soil, yet so sincere in their appeal to emotions which all men share, that to match them I must take down my *Horæ Subsecivæ*, and turn to the tale of 'Rab and his Friends,' or open my Bible and read the story of Ruth. Pathos of this order would seem to be the rarest of plants. Its roots must reach deep in native earth and be nourished there for generations before it will put forth a bud. To tell a story of Thrums as Mr. Crawford would tell it, little more is needed than a bold heart and a tourist's excursion ticket; to tell it in Mr. Barrie's manner, you must be born and bred there, and, what is more, must have grandparents buried there. Thrums is in his blood, with all its traditions of obscure toil and sombre zeal for religion; and that, I think, is the main reason why we, who have never seen the place, can easily flatter ourselves, after reading Mr. Barrie's books, that we know it well. We seem actually to have looked down upon that "handful of houses jumbled together in a cup"; we not only recognise cluster after cluster of red stone walls, but we know the small dramas that have been played within them; for Mr. Barrie, like some wholly beneficent Asmodeus, has lifted off the roof of each for us. Often a sentence or two has sufficed him, as in the case of Tammy Mealmaker, the wright—

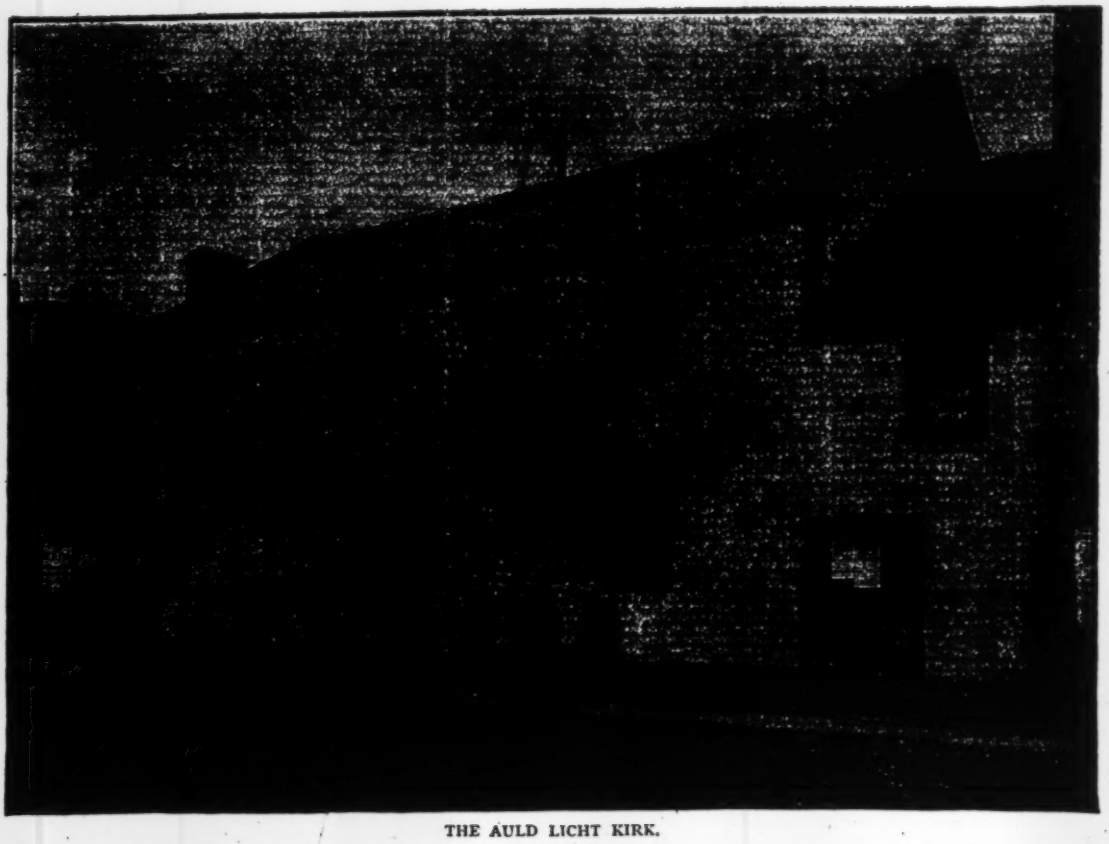
> "Tammy, who died a bachelor, had been soured in his youth by a disappointment in love, of which he spoke but seldom. She lived far away in a town to which he had wandered in the days when his blood ran hot, and they became engaged. Unfortunately, however, Tammy forgot her name, and he never knew the address; so there the affair ended, to his silent grief. He admitted himself, over his snuff-mull of an evening, that he was a very ordinary character. . . ."

There is humour here, and pathos of a sort; and both are inevitable. For a writer who knows his subject as Mr. Barrie knows Thrums and its folk, needs neither startling incident nor picturesque scenery to engage his readers' sympathy. A story more artless in seeming than 'A Window in Thrums' was never written (I could wish the Haggart episodes omitted, by the way). Yet what does it all come to? or rather, of what simple materials is it all constructed? A little cottage, an invalid mother, the death of her first-born son, and the wrecked life of her second-born; that is all, or nearly all. But as it is told, with sympathetic and intimate knowledge, and with a certain "solemn charity" of mood, it shakes the heart. Such a tale is the true triumph of the realist. You may journey far in the world; but, as Mr. Stevenson has said, "it is when you come back at nightfall and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love and Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." And we may add that, in art, the most beautiful scenery is not that which we travel to enjoy, but that which we understand best. Thrums itself, I suspect, will disappoint the tourist as severely as the Doone Valley continues to disappoint the holiday worshipper of Blackmore. But Mr. Barrie probably knows better than the tourist, for it is his birthplace, and he is a Scot. And when men of his country think of home, they also say in their hearts, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem. . . ."

Certainly Mr. Barrie has some kinship of genius with the author of *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Few people, I imagine, can read 'Rab and his Friends' for the first time without feeling at the same time glad to have found in its writer a new friend for life and sorry that he gave the world so little. He had not, it is true, to write for his living; but I doubt if in any case he could have matched that tale again. The metal in him was pure, but the vein was thin. That in Mr. Barrie this vein has reappeared can hardly be doubted by any one who studies 'Auld Licht Idylls' and 'An Edinburgh Eleven'—a book too little known as yet. There are pages of which you could swear that the vanished hand had touched them. The dead author and the living have more than Edinburgh in common; their feeling, their style, sometimes even the rhythm of their sentences, is the same. But in Mr. Barrie's case the vein is fuller and the metal has an amalgam. He has fused into it the qualities of a born and trained journalist—qualities which he himself has analysed so thoroughly and described for our recognition in his 'When a Man's Single.' Himself would seem to be a compound of Rob Angus in that book and Mr. "Noble Simms," that delightful gentleman who made newspaper articles out of sealing-wax, cheeses, and the knobs of walking-sticks. Nothing is too small for him; but then, as a matter of fact, nothing is too small for pathos. And if in 'My Lady Nicotine,' for instance (which is a collection of newspaper sketches), he appear occasionally to be wasting his power on trivialities, it is also to be remembered that without such practice he had probably never written the 3rd and 14th chapters in 'A Window in Thrums,' and we should have been sensibly the poorer. As it is, he has mastered the significance of trivialities, as Defoe once mastered it. But there is this difference between the two, that while Defoe used the minutest details mainly to give plausibility to his narrative, Mr. Barrie takes them more seriously and consciously, seeking always to exhibit their bearing on life. As a consequence you are continually startled, as you turn his pages, to find yourself on the brink of unsuspected emotions. I take a passage, almost at random, to explain my meaning. It is



THE WINDOW IN THRUMS.



THE AULD LICHT KIRK.

a casual paragraph from 'When a Man's Single,' describing "Mr. William Meredith, an ex-mayor of Silchester"—

"Having retired from business, Mr. Meredith now did things slowly as a good way of passing the time. He had risen to wealth from penury, and counted time by his dining-room chairs, having passed through a cane, a horsehair, and a leather period before arriving at morocco. Mrs. Meredith counted time by the death of her only son."

You are rambling quietly among the dining-room furniture of a middle-class household, when suddenly an abyss of feeling opens at your feet, splitting the respectable carpet. It is no conjuring trick, either. It is legitimate art. You are startled; but it is by a stroke of truth.

Nevertheless, now that 'The Little Minister' has been before the world for a month or two, and we are getting over the first flush of our admiration, certain voices are already to be heard whispering that Mr. Barrie is not quite a novelist, and perhaps never will be. I see what these critics mean; though the answer is that as long as Mr. Barrie continues to give us books of genius, it does not concern us, and can hardly matter a pin's fee to him under what petty title he is classed. I can see, with these critics, that Mr. Barrie is not yet able to rely upon construction; that the story of 'When a Man's Single' has one hopelessly weak spot; and that 'The Little Minister' is least convincing when most elaborate. The chapter, for instance, which is headed "Various Parties Converging on the Hill," reminds one of Mr. Hardy when Mr. Hardy is artificial. So obtrusive is the mechanism as almost to recall a certain grotesque scene from 'Desperate Remedies.' A master of construction, too, or a writer more boldly defiant of construction, would have done better with Lord Rintoul. Again, I am fascinated by Babbie; but precisely because I find the contrast between her and the folk of Thrums even more excellently romantic than that between Cleveland and the Shetlanders in Sir Walter Scott's 'Pirate.' I am unable to forget that contrast, and cannot believe when the author tells us that she settled down as the little minister's wife and lived happily. In fact, I detect a certain hankering after cleverness of effect in this book, and Mr. Barrie is too sincere an artist to be clever without danger. What meaning is there in this clamour for skilfully built plots? And in what essential point should the writing of a good novel differ from that of a good biography, as Mr. Barrie's countrymen, Boswell and Lockhart, understood it? If 'A Window in Thrums' be literature, and 'The Little Minister' a beautiful story, then nothing is gained or lost by giving or denying their author the name of novelist. It was certain, at any rate, of his first book, 'Auld Licht Idylls,' that the man who wrote 'The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell' and 'Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly,' held the keys both of laughter and tears. His humour, in book after book, plays round the Auld Lichts and wraps their queer figures in a soft and equable glow, illuminating, but neither scorching nor searing. Mere flippancy is the last fault of which he will be guilty; for not only does he understand what he talks about, but he is also, at bottom, a profoundly serious writer, and not ashamed of it. Hear, in proof of this, how he speaks of the girl Leeby, one of the finest characters he has drawn—

"By the bank of the Quharity on a summer day I have seen a barefooted girl gaze at the running water until tears filled her eyes. That was the birth of romance. Whether this love be but a beautiful dream I cannot say, but this we see, that it comes to all and colours the whole future life with gold. Leeby must have dreamt it, but I did not know her then. I have heard of a man who would have taken her far away into a country where the corn is yellow when it is still green with us, but she would not leave her mother, nor was it him she saw in her dream. From her earliest days when she was still a child staggering round the garden with Jamie in her arms, her duty lay before her, straight as the burying-ground road. Jess had need of her in the little home at the top of the brae, where God, looking down upon her as she scrubbed and gossiped and sat up all night with her ailing mother, and never missed a prayer-meeting, and adored the minister, did not perhaps think her the least of His handmaids. Her years were less than thirty when He took her away, but she had few days that were altogether dark. Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

A man who writes like this is not afterwards found puffing his cheeks to the jest of a professional buffoon.

With the same seriousness which Mr. Barrie brings to bear upon life, he has followed after his art, with the consequence that in his thirty-second year he has produced a book which in the opinion of some critics not apt to lose their heads will stand beside 'Lorna Doone.' Moreover, of all the young novelists now writing, he can most safely be congratulated on his future. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

TO ANOTHER EGOIST.*

MY DEAR A. B. W.,—You have already observed, sprightliest of *causeurs*, that the great Philistine face which you frequently visit, not with the resounding slap of Jules Lemaître, but with playful fillip of finger and thumb, has begun to frown on our branch of the critic's craft. The oracle has even opened its crater of a mouth to tell us that the autobiographical chatter of the first person singular is not criticism, and that we are trying to supplant the canons of art with our own small talk. As well might the slug, slowly discussing his cabbage, sneer at the butterfly flitting from flower to flower! The true egoist, as you have perceived, translates all matters pertaining to art through the medium of his mental camera. Perhaps the portrait has more of himself than anybody else can see in the subject, especially when a little spleen gets into the chemicals. But you naturally despise the suggestion that the egoist should be dominated by his theme. Like the actor, who finds his materials chiefly in his own person, the *causeur* brings to his work his characteristic fantasy, his social judgments, his agreeable humour, and his sovereign impatience. When I think of the illimitable range of these qualities I do not wonder at your dictum, that it is better to write a fine criticism than a fine novel. What is the mere exercise of the imagination, of the co-ordinating faculty which makes the story an artistic structure, of the observation which selects from the world the types of its comedy, and touches the deep human note which sets these figures treading life's measure through its infinite mazes—what is this to the combination of faculties which enables the egoist to bestow his gracious appreciation, pleasantly dashed with badinage, on a masterpiece of art in a couple of pages?

In the playhouse our egoism, as you justly complain, has to suffer stripes. To begin with, there is the collision between the egoistical critic and the egoistical actor. The player stands betwixt the play and our nobility. We feel that he is subordinating the work to his own personality, and

*'Playhouse Impressions.' By A. B. Walkley. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

we claim the exclusive privilege of harnessing it to ours. So far as the egregious public is concerned, the player gets the better of us; and his airs and graces, his new readings, his suits and trappings, are vastly more interesting to the lady you take down to dinner than those ingenious reflections which make you feel that the drama would be well enough if you could clear the stage of its puppets, and do the whole business yourself by some miracle of ventriloquism. What can be more exasperating than a colloquy like this with your charming neighbour?

C. N.—Have you seen that dear Mr. Acorn in "Hamlet"?

The Egoist.—My dear lady, have you ever considered what a nuisance Hamlet is? Really, I can't listen with patience to the young man's commonplace musings. Just fancy the world being told for more than three centuries that "the pangs of despised love" dispose a man to suicide!

C. N.—Oh, Mr. Egoist, have you never been in love?

The Egoist.—Upon my word, madam, you are as irrelevant as Shakespeare! What I mean is that the intelligent playgoer, that is the impressionist, is bored to death by "To be or not to be," which is dinned into him like a sublime tract. Why——

C. N.—But Mr. Acorn delivers it so beautifully, you know. And then, how charming he is in the speech to the players!

The Egoist.—Yes, a lesson in elocution which would be very well at a rehearsal of private theatricals. But what has it to do with the play? It is this egoism of Hamlet's which is thrust on you in and out of season——

C. N. (archly).—Oh, Mr. Egoist!

The Egoist.—Bless your unsophisticated repartee! Don't you see that it is my business to do the moralising, and the actor's to get on with his murders, or whatever he has in hand, instead of perpetually mooning about them?

But she does not see; and the trouble, indeed, with most playgoers is that they persist, first, in assigning an absurd importance to the players; secondly, in taking Shakespeare as gravely as if he were originally designed for footnotes instead of the footlights; thirdly, in judging a play according to likes and dislikes which are not founded on any just philosophy of egoism.

For your modesty, my dear A. B. W., has betrayed you into an opinion which really savours of treason to our cause. You endorse the theory that if "the man in the street" were to set himself down with absolute sincerity, "he would produce the most fascinating book ever written." This concession to the mediocre, even by way of "persiflash," as Jeames in "The Dancing Girl" would say, is painful to me. The man in the street would lay himself at the feet of some player or playwright with an effusion which no self-respecting egoist could tolerate. And why suppose that the periwinkle shells from a costermonger's barrow would be as rich and rare as the pearls of wit and fancy which you have sown so thickly through this volume? There is scarce a page which is not diverting and stimulating and provoking by turns. There is knowledge as well as humour, and reasoning good and bad, and analogies which are made to travel long distances in strange company. There are vivid portraits of distinguished performers, and queer little prejudices which startle the eye like the blind windows that abruptly unfold themselves in the pantomime scene at the touch of the harlequin's wand. With all your fierceness against conventions, there is a Philistinism in you which pops out on the reader like an ill-adjusted jack-in-the-box who suddenly disturbs the repose of the Lowther Arcade. With the critical faculty no one can say you are scantily endowed, and your power of making even Shakespeare hold the mirror up to A. B. W. must fill your brother-egoists with envy. Distinction is stamped on this book from first to last; distinction which makes the dramatic critic something more individual than the brass knocker on the door, with which the mere actor announces himself to the entire street by a thundering tattoo.

Yours in fraternal egoism,

L. F. A.

FAC-SIMILE OF BURNS'S ASSIGNATION OF HIS PROPERTY TO HIS BROTHER, GILBERT BURNS.

THE BOOKMAN reproduction of the *fac-simile* of the document assigning Burns's possessions—actual and potential—to his brother Gilbert, for the upbringing of "dear-bought Bess," cannot fail to interest the poet's audience. I do not know who at the moment holds the holograph itself, the genuineness of which is beyond all doubt, but its contents, if I remember aright, were first communicated to the public by Allan Cunningham.

Apart from its subject-matter, which has long since been discussed, the document, which is dated 1786, is not without interest. We find the poet, in the first quarter of the same year, signing his name (as his family had done for generations), Burness. Now it is Robert Burns—the Robert not yet abbreviated to the more artistic Robt., which he adopted about this time, and which (as my octogenarian friend—Mr. Stillie—has pointed out) he invariably used afterwards.

The penmanship, including the signatures, is less free than is usual with Burns, which may be accounted for by the holograph being a copy, which it probably is, of a draft furnished by his law agent. But however this may be, the document was lawfully proclaimed at the Mercat Cross of Ayr, head Burgh of the Sheriffdome thereof, on the 4th of July, 1786. William Crooks, writer, Ayr, represented Gilbert on the occasion, and took the necessary steps to legalise the document.

The 'Welcome,' had it been intended by Burns for the public, in all probability would have appeared in the Kilmarnock or Edinburgh editions of the poems. It was first published by Stewart and Meikle, Glasgow, in the form of a 16-page Chap-Book, price 2d. In 1800 this and six other Chap-Books, stitched together, were, with an engraved frontispiece introduced, published under the title of the 'Poetical Miscellany,' by Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. This remarkable booklet, now difficult to procure, contained, among other poems, the 'Jolly Beggars,' which was set up from the author's MS., the 'Kirk's Alarm,' 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' 'The Twa Herds,' neither of which appear in the Currie (copyright) editions, nor in that supervised in 1820 by Gilbert Burns.

The subject of the 'Welcome'—the child Elizabeth Paton, Burns's "dear-bought Bess," or Betty Burns, as she is usually styled—was carefully brought up and educated at Mossgiel, the poet's mother taking great interest in her welfare; and, on attaining her majority, she was paid £200

from the fund raised for the benefit of Burns's family by Alderman Shaw, of London. Her grave, in Whitburn Churchyard, is one of the many shrines in the Land of Burns.

W. C. ANGUS.

VICTOR HUGO'S 'DIEU.'

VICTOR HUGO is not read in Paris now, they tell us; at all events he is out of favour with the literary advance-guard there. The romanticists have fallen, and fashionable present-day verse trifles gracefully with life in rondeaus and ballades. But an appetite for something more heroic may be expected soon to supervene, and then perhaps Hugo will be reinstated even in the selectest circles. With the average reader he has never gone out of fashion, and the issue by Hetzel of his hitherto unpublished works has been hailed with satisfaction, if with no very loud expressions of interest. The latest volume of these, 'Dieu,' dates from 1855, while the poet was an exile in Jersey, an epoch when such weighty matters as the mysteries of life and the destiny of humanity were more popular subjects for poetry than they are to-day. Lengthy as it is, and dealing with matters that the modern world is somewhat wearied of, the poem is not one that his lovers will wish had been left undiscovered. Here, briefly, is the conception of it.

A dark moving spot is seen in the distance, casting a great shadow, and the poet flies towards it till arrested by a strange figure. This figure, half sombre, half radiant, with wings, but these part stripped of their feathers, is the Spirit of Man, a being with a melancholy consciousness of his double nature and his inability to attain any completeness, be it good or evil. "Je suis l'esprit Milieu," it says; "l'être neutre, qui va bas sans trouver Iblis, haut sans voir Jéhovah." To the questioning of this spirit as to what he desires to see, the poet, with hesitation, answers, "Lui." A sinister laugh in space is all the answer for some time. The mysterious being reappears, but changed, transformed into a hundred faces, with a hundred voices. These voices ask him whether he more than all the other seekers of the earth is likely to find the truth; they tell of the horrors of the darkness he must traverse in his search, and of the torments of others who set off radiant in hope—

"As-tu vu les penseurs s'en aller dans les cieux?
Les as tu vus partir, hautains et séditieux?
* * * * * * *
O songeur, as-tu vu ces hommes au retour,
Ils n'ont rien rapporté que des fronts sans couleur,
Où rien n'avait grandi, si ce n'est la pâleur."

At last the voices cease.

Another figure appears in the darkness, the spirit of night itself, in the form of a bat. The creature has no comfort to tell him, only that "Le monde est à tâtons dans son propre néant." Then the gloomy shape of an owl is visible, "Esprit par aile, démon par la griffe." It sees nothing on high, but it once heard from Hermes of a strange celestial vision seen by him. Yet the world is under shadow all the same—"Ombre sur ce qui meurt; ombre sur ce qui vit." It gives place to another spirit, in the shape of a raven, whose revelation is that there is no sole and all-powerful Being, but two, and they continually carry on the "hideous duel of creation"! hence the boa twining round the sycamore tree, and Gomorrha and Jerusalem side by side. Then a vulture appears—a vulture of distinction, be it remarked, for he it was of old tore the flesh of Prometheus—and it tells the searcher there are gods indeed, but no causes. Round the throne of Olympus are radiant spectres who had been brigands had they not been gods, and underneath the Olympian orgies what matter how men play their parts? And yet, as a last message, he reminds the poet that the flame of Prometheus is still somewhere on the earth. The Eagle has a more clear assurance to give him. He stood with Moses on the mount, and saw the vision of a great Being, who "takes the Leviathan in his hand like a bird," who "when he looks at man is sometimes ashamed of him," a Deity terrible, who strikes, who pursues crime through the ages. But the Griffin came from higher than the eagle, and breathes the spirit of a newer dispensation of pity: he had seen the agony of Christ. An Angel follows, to tell the poet that the Being he seeks is neither avenging nor pitying, but only just. No one has declared Him truly, for none has approached him. "Eternity has no neighbourhood." Man is great, and also infinitely little; and his vanity has made havoc in the earth. He still has to learn that the helot, and the idiot, and the leper, and the worm of the dust are each of them his brethren, for they all lie down under the power of God erect, declaring the equality of created things. When the Angel vanishes he gives place to Light, and the spirit of Light tells the still eager searcher that God is wronged in being named, that all His names are words without sense. He is not just—"justice is but the profile of His face." He exists: He is light itself. There is no night nor any darkness, but only blinded eyes. Then out of the void there appears a shroud and an odour of the tomb, and a voice asks whether he will go farther, by whatever means. All that men in visions can see he has seen. Dare he awake, and look upon the Day? He assents. Creation trembles. Raising an arm and covering all earthly things with a fold of the shroud, "He touched my brow with his finger . . . And I died."

Such is a short summary of a very remarkable poem. It is vague in parts, and the scoffer will not be without his favourite amusement when he meets such passages as, "Le tout éternel sort de l'éternel atome. De l'équation Dieu, le monde est le binôme . . . . Il est X," which is lucid neither mathematically nor poetically. But these rare passages apart, it hardly flags from beginning to end in sublimity of either thought or expression, and comes into a world of triolets and trifles with a sudden unexpected majesty.

NDINTPILE PONT (?)

BY J. M. BARRIE.

"WHAT would you say," wrote a certain editor to me last Friday, "to doing next a paper on Ndintpile Pont?"

I like the suggestion, but I can't make out what Ndintpile Pont is. This rather handicaps me, especially as I have a presentiment that it is not Ndintpile Pont at all. It looks like Ndintpile Pont. The editor in question's writing appears very easy if you hold it a little bit away, but, like the multiplication table, it is not so simple as it looks. The annoying thing is that he has written Ndintpile Pont with

one dash of the pen, as if it were so well known that I could not possibly go wrong with it. Thus I have felt reluctant to write and ask him whether it really is Ndintpile Pont. I don't want him to think that I am not well up in the topics of the day.

I have, however, shown his letter to several of my friends. I do this with a craft that is not natural to me. Instead of asking them openly if they can make out what these words are that look like Ndintpile Pont, I fling them the letter with affected carelessness, and say, "By the way, what do you think of that for the subject of an article?" While they read I put my hands over my face, as if I were thinking about something else, and watch them through my fingers. They take Ndintpile Pont in different ways. Sometimes they turn the letter upside down, or try to read it sideways. This is satisfactory so far, for it shows that they are as much puzzled as I am, but it is no assistance. They end by asking me what this subject is that the editor proposes. Of course this foils me, and I have to reply, "Oh, Ndintpile Pont," in a careless tone, implying that they must know what Ndintpile Pont is. One had the honesty to say he never heard of it, but most of them say, "Oh," or "Ah," as if they understood thoroughly, and a few have had the hardihood to ask me how I mean to treat it. I reply, blandly, "In the usual way," and that seems to satisfy them. Others to whom I have shown the letter say it is not "Ndintpile Pont," but "Henderson's Book," and that has rather startled me, for on re-examination "Pont" might be "Book," and as for "Ndintpile," it might be anything. The more you look at it the more you feel this. Suppose it is Henderson's Book, who is Henderson, and where is his book? When they ask me this, I say that Henderson is a rising writer, but I am less ready with an answer when I put the question to myself.

One acquaintance, after reading the letter, said that he remembered an article on the same subject the week before in the *Daily News*. I brightened up at this, and asked him what point of view the *Daily News* looked at it from. His way of taking my question made me suspect that he was like the others, too self-satisfied to admit that he could not make the writing out. He replied, however, that the *Daily News* treated it, so far as he could recollect, in its political aspect, and presumed that I would discuss it rather in its social bearing. I admitted that that was my intention, and after he had gone I went to the office of the *Daily News* and examined the file. I could not, however, discover an article on Ndintpile Pont, or on anything at all like it. Had I been able to trust my friend, my position would now have been improved, for I would at least have known that the subject was one which could be treated from both a political and a social standpoint. On returning home I spread the letter out before me, and after looking at it for a long time, made up my mind that it was not "Pont," but "Polit." This doubtless was short for "Political." Next morning I looked at it again, and then it seemed more like "Punt."

The last man I showed the letter to must have thought that it was a lady's name, for he said, "Do you think she'll be pleased at your writing an article on her?" Though this question took me aback, I replied, with considerable presence of mind, that I was sure she would like it; and then he asked if I knew her personally. I said I had known her intimately for years, and he said was she not a bit of an invalid, and I said one of her lungs was completely gone. That evening I drew up a list of all the celebrated women still alive that I could think of, and compared the names with Ndintpile Pont. The one that came nearest it was Mrs. Oliphant. The last four letters of her name are not so unlike Pont when you examine them with a hope that they are like it. Tack the "ile" of what seems to be the first word on to the "Pont," and you get "Ilepont." Then look at Ilepont as the editor has written it, and it might easily be Oliphant. That leaves "Ndintp" unaccounted for; but, after all, is it Ndintp? Is it not more like Margaret, which is Mrs. Oliphant's Christian name? I sat down to write about Mrs. Oliphant with a light heart, but before the first paragraph was finished I became doubtful again. Was Mrs. Oliphant an invalid? She is not, so far as I know; indeed, if she were, she could not write so much. On the whole, it seemed rather a risky thing to trust to its being Mrs. Oliphant. More likely Ndintpile Pont is the name assumed by some lady writer. If so, it is a striking pseudonym. I could, of course, write a fancy article about her, remarking that it is quite unnecessary to tell the intelligent reader what Ndintpile Pont's real name is, for that is an open secret. Writers do such things, I am told, and it always flatters a reader to call him intelligent, and take for granted that he knows what he does not know.

Having become despondent, I have confessed to a few particular friends that the editor has contrived to puzzle me. Looking at his suggestion in the light of that admission, they have all agreed on one point, namely, that whatever it is, it is certainly not Ndintpile Pont. One suggests that it is something Pond, and asks if I know anything about a pond. I remember once falling into one, so he thinks that the editor wants me to describe what it felt like. Depend upon it, he says, the editor wants to know from one who has really gone through the experience what the sensation of being nearly drowned is like. They say it is a delightful death, but is it? I cannot think it is Pond, however, for, in the first place, the editor does not know that I once fell into one, and besides, I was not nearly drowned. It was a mere puddle of water, and I was quite surprised to learn afterwards that it was a pond.

It might certainly be Punt. I am living in a houseboat at present, and, of course, am frequently in punts. Is it "Fishing off a Punt," or "A Day in a Punt," or "Our Houseboat Punt"? Somehow it is difficult to feel certain that it is.

There are points of view from which it looks not unlike the name of a quack medicine for restoring the hair or making your child cry out in the night. Or is it a new soap? If so, I prefer it to any other, and it is matchless for the hands and complexion.

At all events, I hope there is nothing wrong about it. It sounds rather like treason. Probably I had better leave it alone. I have thought it over until the houseboat is going round and round, so my most honest course seems now to be to write to the editor, saying that I won't be able to do an article this month, as I can't make out the subject.

ON STARTING A PENNY WEEKLY.

The following correspondence has been handed us for publication:—

DEAR MR. ————,—My father has at last recognised that the irresistible bent of my mind is to journalism, and is ready to place £2,000 at my credit, provided he sees a reasonable way of investing it. I think of starting a penny weekly paper—similar in size to *Tit-Bits*, but with fewer pages (16), and on what will be to some extent new lines. The paper is meant to cater for the multitude. As I know that you have printed numerous publications of this class, I hope you will permit me to consult you on the practical part of the affair. Without being unduly sanguine, I think I may say that it my paper is properly placed before the public it cannot but succeed. I want information on the following points:—

I. The cost of such a paper weekly, and the circulation necessary to pay expenses.

II. The advisability and the cost of a wrapper.

III. The probable revenue from advertisements, and the best way of getting them.

IV. The sum necessary to place the paper fairly before the public.

V. Any other points suggested by your experience.

With many apologies for troubling you,—I am, yours faithfully, A. S.

MY DEAR SIR,—I like the tone of your note—it is candid; and for that reason I will answer your queries, though you ask a good deal from a printer. You feel yourself called to journalism, and at the same time you have a new journal of the *Tit-Bits* order, but on *new lines* to lay before the public. Forgive my saying that your case is by no means a rare one to a printer, and, as usual, you are sure that your journal must be a big success. Alas! this is only another symptom of the disease, which has, I fear, seized upon your mind and intellect, though, I must confess, it is rare for one so afflicted to ask the practical questions you now put, queries which I will endeavour to reply to in detail.

I. Should you decide to make your journal 16 pages and a 4-page wrapper, the same size and character (so far as print and type are concerned) as *Tit-Bits*, and you have faith in your ideas—and that of course you possess to a large degree—you will print fifty thousand of the first number: this will cost you say £85, plus about £8 a week or number for journalistic and establishment expenses, in all £93. Of this fifty thousand you may sell fifteen thousand, and, if so, you will do well; but, provided the new venture is fairly placed before the public, in itself not an easy matter, this result may be obtained, especially if the journal has been well boomed by the log-rollers—a thing you must carefully see to. This will realise you £37, and the 4 pages advertisements on wrapper will produce say £40 net, so that your proceeds on No. 1 will be £77. The balance of the issue you will use as specimen copies, and to advertise your property, so that you will have a good supply of advertising material at a cost of about £16. You will tell me that you are sure to sell more than fifteen thousand copies, and that your new lines are so novel they are bound to "catch on" with the penny public. I hope this may be the case, but should urge you at the same time to take my figures, and hope to *reach* the circulation I have named for your first number. Then comes the tug of war, the testing time for your new ideas and journalistic skill, for, believe me, there is far more editorship in sending a number of *Tit-Bits* to press than most people think, and every week will try your ability more. Of No. 2, assuming my forecast of No. 1 to be correct, you will print a first edition of say ten thousand copies, which will cost you £30; and of this number you may sell 8,000 copies, producing £20; the advertisements on the wrapper for No. 2 it is difficult to forecast. The novelty of a first number, which always attracts advertisers, does not now exist, and I am inclined to fix this revenue at £10, making a total of £30, against a total cost of £38—thus showing a loss of £8, without any cost reckoned for advertising the journal, carriage of specimen copies, etc., all of which must be reckoned for. Assuming I am wrong in my calculations, and you sell more than 8,000, then—leaving the 2,000 margin—the cost of extra thousands will be 30s., leaving a profit of 20s. per 1,000; so that you will see it is necessary you should have a circulation of thirty thousand at least before you can say that your journal has even "turned the corner," while at least thirty-five thousand are required before it can be considered as paying; as there are many incidental expenses which have to be met not mentioned here. Especially may I indicate under this heading the prizes, the value of which I have not reckoned for in my calculations, and the returns from newsagents, which some weeks will be very large.

II. You will see I have included a wrapper in the above figures. It will be a mistake not to have one—it improves the appearance of your journal, and at the circulation of thirty-five thousand should at least pay for itself.

III. is answered in par. I. The best way of obtaining advertisements is by placing the journal in the hands of a responsible advertising agent. The wrapper should be worth £25 to £30 a week with a sale of thirty-five thousand.

IV. It is extremely difficult to say, with the information you give, what sum is necessary to place your paper fairly before the public. £2,000 is a fair amount, and one it is tolerably safe to commence a journal possessing *new lines* upon; but I have known papers now running, whose proprietors were as confident as you appear to be, upon which from £5,000 to £6,000 has already been expended, and which to-day do not boast a circulation of more than 30,000 to 35,000. I do not say this to discourage you. *Tit-Bits* commenced to pay, they say, from the second or third number; but, on the other hand, many thousands of pounds have been expended on this class of literature during the last few years, and this, too, on papers which have since gone over to the majority. While I think you might commence with a capital of £2,000, it would be far better to have £5,000 with which to establish your new journal, but it must be borne in mind that once safely past the thirty-five thousand circulation, your profits will be large, and will, of course, come in every week. I assume you do not propose to compete against *Tit-Bits*, but to run a new idea in journalism.

I have nothing further to add beyond an earnest wish that you may succeed in your new enterprise, which I shall be glad to print for you.—Yours truly, C.

THE NET SYSTEM.

AS the question of discount is vexing the minds of publishers, booksellers, and their customers considerably at the present time, the opinions of some representative members of the trade throughout the country may be welcomed as a contribution to the discussion of the subject.

We hope to publish another instalment next month, and invite correspondence from booksellers.

The net system might advantageously be tried with educational, scientific, and high-priced books generally. Buyers of these may be found reasonable enough to accept the alteration, and booksellers who cannot now take numbers, and obtain a decent profit, would stock a copy of each, and sales would be increased by the introduction thus given.

But with respect to ordinary books at 7s. 6d. and less, I think the existing system had better not be disturbed. For in most cases the terms upon which booksellers stock them are better than those offered on the net system. The buyers are now satisfied, and I am confident that my customers of the gentle sex (by no means to be despised) would resist most steadily any alterations. Indeed, I am appalled at the thought of the friction which would arise should I ask one of them to pay more for a ninepenny 'Bootle's Baby,' or a Mrs. Molesworth's one and elevenpenny book. It would, too, be manifestly unfair to charge a ready-money customer the same price as one who runs an account, and pays when most convenient.

I do not see that legitimate booksellers would be gainers if anyone could *collect* a book to order upon the same terms as those who take some risk by providing beforehand what may suit their trade. But beyond these objections, I fail utterly to see why the net system, if well established, would not quickly break down.

Mr. Lewis Carroll's and Mr. Ruskin's books have long been considered strictly net. Yet but a short time ago 'Alice in Wonderland' was catalogued at 1s. 11d., and very recently Mr. Ruskin's publisher, upon being asked to use his influence to prevent departure from full price, wrote, "that he could not see his way to interfere with the manner in which his customers chose to conduct his business." I fear, therefore, that unless those who publish net books are strong enough to prevent them being undersold, we should very soon be in a worse condition than at present.

In preference I would suggest that publishers should so adjust their prices that they can afford an additional discount upon *stock* orders, to those who pledge themselves not to give more than threepence in the shilling to the public. The position of book sellers would be thus improved, and book buyers would remain satisfied.

T. BURLEIGH.

Up to the present we have had no difficulty or unpleasantness in our dealings with customers on this head, and many of them seem to enter into the question quite as eagerly as the bookseller, and are not always altogether antagonistic to him. We are quite of opinion (although as discount booksellers we ought scarcely to be so emphatic) that the net system as applied to the dearer and less popular class of books is a step in the right direction, and ought to be vigorously supported by all members of the "Booksellers' Association" and every right-minded bookseller. We also think it would be advantageous to the trade if medical and scientific books were all charged net. With magazines it is doomed to failure, and we should not like to see the present system altered in this respect.

Strand, London. A. AND F. DENNY.

I approve of the net system altogether, and I am convinced that the rescue of the book trade from its present low status is possible only by a return to fair profits and commonsense principles. But the public has become so corrupted by the vicious system of discounts that any reform must be made gradually, and high-class books are the best subjects for experiment. As soon as the public discovers that net prices are synonymous with good books issued by the best firms, it will also recognise again the old truth of "cheap and nasty." The bookselling trade has become what it is owing to lack of fibre in its members. Men with a speciality and fibre are still successful.

I have no difficulty in my shop in selling good books at net prices.

Charing Cross, London. EDWARD STANFORD.

In reply to yours of the 4th inst., we beg to inform you that we do not approve of the net system, either from a public or trade point of view. We quite concur with the opinion of those who believe that a net price should only be charged where the book is issued as an "edition de luxe" and a limited number published.

Cheapside. F. AND E. STONEHAM.

Messrs. Macmillan are entitled to the credit of introducing the innovation of net prices, and if it becomes the order of the day they will deserve the thanks of every bookseller in the kingdom. My own notion is that, in the meantime, the net system should only be applied to scientific and technical books. I make the limitation because these books are sold to a superior class of customers who at once see the justice of a book being sold at the price at which it is published. Let us go on slowly, and then introduce the system to theological, historical, and biographical works, which also appeal to the cultured classes. If you apply the system to popular books too prematurely, an element of trouble will be introduced into the sale of a book to customers who do not comprehend the propriety of buying a book unless they have a discount of 25 per cent. In course of time this class will understand the question, but I think that publishers will act imprudently it they go ahead too fast in the direction of net books. The publishers of non-copyright books would compete with each other to such an extent that the net system could not be adhered to for a day with popular books. If the net system is to be introduced with the superior class of books I have referred to, it must be adhered to most strenuously. I would not allow the slightest amount of discount. The days of long credit do not now exist among booksellers' customers to any great extent, but if in isolated cases customers demand it, I suggest that ten per cent. should be added to the net prices. This would soon end the evil of long credit. To give the system of net prices a fair trial I should make it a *sine qua non* that every bookseller should guarantee to the publisher that he would adhere to the net price. D. STOTT.

This is, I claim, eminently a question for the retail bookseller. As the intermediary between publisher and purchaser, he has a right to insist that friction as to price shall be reduced to a minimum. On the now almost universally accepted basis of 3d. in the 1s. discount *for cash* off, a very fair working basis is found, and the situation for the retail bookseller on this platform shows a tendency to improve, for as the publishers come to recognise the general agreement, they show a disposition to relax their terms somewhat; and if the trade remains combined, they will yield yet more, so that a fair profit may be made on cash sales, even when the public has had its 25 per cent.—for in buying books the public *will have* a consideration for cash; they expect it, they are used to it, they will ask and ask again, though 'net' be writ never so large upon the volume. I do not deny the recent attempts to make certain books net have been fairly successful. But the novelty of the thing has chiefly to answer for this. So long as a net book is a rare, an unusual matter, it may pass, but with the growth of the practice the public will take thought and begin to demand a bookseller who will take a discount of net books for cash. An order I got the other day from a customer bears on this. A lady, ordering a book of Messrs. Macmillan, states that 'it is advertised in the *Times* at 30s. net—but,' adds she, 'I suppose, however, you will allow me the usual discount off that.' Comment is useless. Again, the publishers have no method in their 'net'—some give 10 per cent., and some 30 per cent. Can this work? And here I think we reach the most serious trouble of the trade, viz., the absurdly different rates at which they have to buy. My advice to the trade is to "seek salvation" by asking, not for novel methods, but for easier and more uniform terms, and by combining to obtain them.

Bathurst-street, W. F. CALDER TURNER.

Two eminent firms of booksellers in Edinburgh make the following statements:—

The system of discount on books has long been unsatisfactory, and gradually getting worse, so that we are glad to welcome any endeavour to place it on a more equitable footing. The plan recently adopted by several publishers issuing at net prices is, in our opinion, a step in the right direction, and does not hinder the sale of a book of intrinsic merit at a reasonable price. Publishers, we think, have much in their power by fixing a moderate net price, after allowing themselves a fair profit on the cost of production. The bookseller has then pleasure as well as profit in promoting the sale of a really good book without the vexed question of discount continually cropping up, annoying alike to buyer and seller. It appears to us that the sooner the net system becomes universal the better for all concerned.

Booksellers are indebted to those publishers who, by issuing some books at net prices, have shown their desire to combat the growing evil of the discount system in the book trade. That the system is a false one is admitted on all hands, and that there is no limit to it every careful observer clearly foresees. Not many years ago the usual discount was twopence a shilling; now it is threepence a shilling; and, unless the policy is reversed, there is no reason why it should not become fourpence a shilling, fivepence a shilling, or, like music, sixpence a shilling, until the publisher's price is an absurdity. It is much more satisfactory to have a fixed price, and that should be the published and advertised price. The buyer is no worse the one way than the other, because in the one case the publisher advertises the book as, say, a 2s. one, and in the other as a 1s. 6d. one net. All concerned in the production and sale of the book—author, publisher, bookseller—must have and will have a profit, and, if large discounts are to be taken off, a fictitious price must first of all be put on. The difference would be that instead of a system which is irritating and demoralising both to book sellers and book buyers we should have one more in accordance with common sense and sound business principles. The application of it must necessarily be gradual, but we hail its trial meanwhile, and we see nothing to prevent its rapid extension. One great difficulty, more especially with expensive books, is the credit system. Is a net book to be net for cash at time of purchase, and no more after six or twelve months' credit? It seems to us a margin should be left to admit five per cent. to be given, on books of five shillings and upwards, to the cash purchaser.

We view with satisfaction the extension of the net system, and we are clearly of opinion that many more books might be issued in this way with decided advantage to authors, publishers, booksellers, and book buyers.

Glasgow. JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS.

I am strongly in favour of the net system. By it the public are protected, as a keen buyer gains no advantage over other buyers, all paying one price. And under it publishers provide a living profit to booksellers, which is not possible by the discount system, a system which enables unscrupulous traders to undersell and inflict injury on their brethren in trade—these traders dealing in other articles which yield a good profit, and which articles ought to be sold only in toy-shops. Legitimate bookselling ought to be maintained, and a living made by it. And if booksellers kept faith with one another, the public could easily be managed. But for some reason, perhaps want of courage, they do not stand fast. The net system would establish confidence between buyer and seller; the former knowing exactly what he has to pay, and the latter how much to ask.

Speaking from experience, I have found no difficulty in selling books under the net system. Only last week I was asked for one of Macmillan's net books, a guinea one, and got the full price without a word. Had it been a discount book, very likely a higgling would have taken place over the bargain. But in order to make the net system a success, publishers must reduce present prices—6s. books to 4s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., and so on. Some books are cheap enough already, and ought to be sold net, such as Carlyle's Works, 1s., Walter Scott's 'Camelot' and 'Great Writers,' 1s., and Minerva Library, 2s., etc.

The practice of giving 3d. off the 1s. under pressure and a less discount to ignorant or good-natured buyers is very demoralising.

Retail booksellers have good ground to complain of wholesale houses opposing them, instead of using wholesale discounts in supplying the trade. But that part of the question, and also the supply of libraries, I have not fully considered. JOHN R. SMITH.

Aberdeen.

As booksellers having a large experience of the public, schools, and libraries, we believe that all are willing and would prefer to pay net prices for goods, if they could only be assured the same prices ruled all round. The uneasiness and unrest in the book trade is all caused by the fact of so many different prices being charged at different places for the same book; this has had the effect of causing a certain jealousy in the minds of the public that they are not buying to the best advantage, even when you charge them 9d. for a book that costs 8½d. net to the trade.

And again, the execution of large library orders has often been taken at a sheer loss, which is altogether unsatisfactory, as every order ought to pay working expenses and bear some profit, however small. We think all technical, scientific, medical, topographical books, and atlases and other specialities, should be issued at reasonable net prices, and that the publishers should not permit the prices to be broken under any circumstances, but should allow the trade a discount which would leave at least 5 per cent. profit over average working expenses. This would eventually stop underselling, and pave the way for better times, which are badly needed by at least 75 per cent. of the trade.

A LANCASHIRE FIRM OF BOOKSELLERS.

I approve of the net system for new publications, and am glad to see that it is becoming general with many of the leading publishers. I should be glad to see it adopted not only for costly and technical books, but also to cheap books. I wish THE BOOKMAN every success.

Manchester. J. E. CORNISH.

There is no system. To write of the various net terms and results would be too wide a subject; we will only refer to Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s plan.

Here the objects are: First, not to sell a dearer book to the public than a discounted one is; that is, a 16s. book discounted equals about 12s. net. The public, being the real holders of the "trade" discount, the important point is to give it evidence that it does not lose by the new plan.

This, we hold, Macmillan have fairly done. We do not reckon more than three exceptions out of their now long list of net books.

The second object is to replace the retailer's nominally large but really microscopic (and very risky) profit by a trifling (but reasonably safe) one. This, we think, is also done.

There is a resultant advantage to all concerned, but mostly in favour of the holder of copyright (author or publisher). The risk to the retailer being lessened, the public will have a reasonable chance of seeing net books before purchase, an important advantage to the copyright holder, which he has persistently undervalued.

Bristol. WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS.

I look upon the net system of bookselling as the only way to bring back the trade to a fair and honest basis. I say fair, because it will give the retail tradesman a definite and fair profit on all books sold honestly, because then it will be that a 5s. book will be a 5s. book, not a 4s. 2d., or 3s. 10d., or 3s. 9d. one, as is now the case.

But that this may work out well and successfully, all publishers (or all the most important) must unite and agree to adopt the system, and also agree (and firmly adhere to the rule) that any retail bookseller who transgresses by selling books at less than the net published price, shall be precluded from getting books at any discount from the net published price. This plan to apply to all books of whatever kind.

Southampton. HENRY MARCH GILBERT.

The net system was commenced ostensibly for the protection of the small bookseller from the underselling of the large discount houses and stores, and, perhaps, had the publishing trade been unanimous it would have effected the purpose intended; as it is, it serves only as a constant source of irritation both to customer and bookseller. Cash customers are particularly loud in their denunciation of the system, always impressed with the idea that the bookseller is taking advantage of the system to rob them, and complain that credit customers obtain the books at the same terms with three or six months' credit. The advantages so far have been entirely in the publisher's favour, as the terms to the bookseller are not so favourable as under the old system. When the net terms are applied to dictionaries, technical and costly art books, the bookseller's only resource is to decline to stock them, as the profits under the system are not sufficient to cover a bad debt or two, or to tempt him to speculate. Booksellers never display net books, and stock as few as possible, as an eminent art critic found when he attempted to dictate to the trade.

Exeter. HENRY S. ELAND.

I think the net system is started on the wrong basis. I think 25 per cent., out of which one has to pay all working and other expenses, not an exorbitant, but, on the other hand, a fair working profit, especially considering the question of bad stock, cheaper editions, etc., which the trade have to suffer. I would therefore say, do away with all odd books, and charge 9d. for every 1s., with a discount of 2½ per cent. at three months, 5 per cent. when accounts reach £100; every bookseller to be charged *the same rate* per copy, whether he buys 6 or 100 copies; all booksellers, including the stores, not to be supplied unless they give a guarantee not to sell below the 1s.; if they do, the accounts to be closed; wholesale houses, where there is no retail business, to be supplied at a further discount of say 10 per cent. at a month. Personally, I would prefer the net books charged 10d. in the 1s. to the ruination discount of 25 per cent. to the public. The discount of 25 per cent. to the public I find most disastrous; a large amount of business is done at an absolute loss, and the other portion at such a small profit that it does not pay working expenses.

Eastbourne. HENRY W. KEAY.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 15th, 1891, and January 15th, 1892:—

1. LONDON, CENTRAL.

1. Ball's Cause of an Ice Age. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)
2. Black's Daughter of Heth. 2s. 6d. (Low.)
3. 'Q's' Blue Pavilions. 6s. (Cassell.)
4. Badminton Skating. 10s. 6d. (Longman.)
5. Morris's Poems by the Way. 6s. (Reeves.)

2. LONDON, WEST.

1. Herrick. 2 vols., edited by Pollard. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
2. John Sherman. (Pseudonym Library).
3. Skating. (Badminton Library.)
4. Ball's Cause of an Ice Age. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
5. Norman's Real Japan. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
6. Blue Pavilions, by Q. (Cassell.)

3. EDINBURGH, WEST.

1. The Cradle of Christianity, by the Rev. D. M. Ross. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
2. The Conquering Christ, by the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low and Co.)
3. The Works of Shakespere. 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)
4. Jerusalem, its History and Hope, by Mrs. Oliphant. 21s. (Macmillan.)
5. Dictionary of Hymnology. 42s. (John Murray.)
6. Cat Life, by Henrietta Ronner. 42s. and 50s. (Cassell and Co.)
7. The Roman Poets of the Augustine Age, by the late Professor Sellar, with Memoir by Andrew Lang. 14s. (Oxford University Press.)
8. Life in Egypt and Assyria, by G. Maspero. 5s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The books quoted last month are still in demand—Cranford, Pitt, Lowell, Lyra Heroica, etc.

4. MANCHESTER.

1. Thomas Newbigging's Lancashire Characters and Places.
2. Driver's Introduction to Old Testament Literature.
3. Cheyne on the Psalms.
4. Baxter's Second Innings.
5. Paton's Life.
6. Cranford, illustrated by Thomson.
7. Mackay of Uganda.

5. GLASGOW.

1. Dr. J. R. Miller's Making the Most of Life. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
2. Dr. Macmillan's The Gate Beautiful. (Macmillan.)
3. Jesus the Carpenter. (Kegan Paul.)
4. Dr. Robertson's Lectures on Luther, German Student Life, etc. (Maclehose.)
5. Pitt, by Rosebery. (Macmillan.)
6. Lady Hymn Writers, by Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (Nelson.)

Our correspondent adds:—Could you in THE BOOKMAN suggest to publishers that a simple paper wrapper should be on each volume they issue, with the title printed on the back? We sometimes, indeed oftener than otherwise, receive books so rubbed that it is difficult to persuade customers they are not second-hand; besides, as books are not sold as soon as received, unless they are covered it is hardly possible to keep stock fresh.

6. ABERDEEN.

1. Life's Handicap.
2. Window in Thrums.
3. Cranford.
4. Rosebery's Pitt.
5. Thistledown.
6. Jones's Saints and Sinners.
7. Ball's Heavens.

7. BRADFORD (Yorks).

1. Whitaker's Almanac. 1s. and 2s. 6d.
2. Drummond's Baxter's Second Innings. 1s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
3. Peloubet's Notes on International Lessons, 1892. 5s. (S. S. U.)
4. Miller's Making the Most of Life. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton).
5. Black's Daughter of Heth. 2s. 6d. (Low.)
6. Dale's Fellowship with Christ. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

8. BURNLEY.

1. Preachers of the Age Series. 3s. 6d. (S. Low and Co.)
2. Way to Succeed, by Thayer. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
3. Electricity in the Service of Man. 9s. (Cassell and Co.)
4. Life of Pitt, by Lord Rosebery. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Lord Salisbury (Prime Minister Series). 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low and Co.)
3. Lowell's Poetical Works. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

Our correspondent adds:—Hundreds of miscellaneous books in science, biography, history, travel, tales, and novels, and thousands of yearly volumes, sold by us during the month.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers in the districts indicated.

NEW BOOKS.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.*

'Tess' is a new departure in Mr. Hardy's work. In 'A Group of Noble Dames' a suppressed defiance of the conventions of fiction, more or less perceptible in previous books, became partly vocal. That book, however, was little more than a semi-humorous reminder that things are not what they seem; that when castle walls are thickest there are secret doors and mysterious staircases by which access is gained to freedom. Every great novelist, one may safely surmise, is tempted at times to come in upon the world where people behave as though care, need, and passion did not exist, with the shrill cock-crow that puts delusions to flight. In Mr. Hardy's case every serious student must have perceived that he has concerned himself deeply with the problems of life, that he has explored the questions of theology and philosophy with an "anxiety" somewhat foreign to this generation. But 'Tess' is neither a revelation nor a new ethic. It is full of teaching, because it is a book

> "With subtle penetration entering all
> The myriad corridors of the passionate soul."

But its first aim is neither to upset nor to establish any system either of theology or ethics. Nor does it seek to deny the reality or the terror or the inevitableness of the transgressor's penalty. It is a faithful presentment of one whom the writer judges to be a pure woman—a woman true to the idea of the sex in his first book, 'a child in pleasure, a woman in pain.' The book is an argument for Tess—an argument steeped in passion, an argument by one who knows that the coarse facts are against him, and who does not try to hide them. He hopes by revealing the soul and the history behind the facts to win the reader's verdict, and his appeal is to humanity in every camp of thought.

No one who gives Mr. Hardy a fair hearing will deny that his book is a great and triumphant achievement—one which places him with the foremost masters of English fiction. It has all the charm of his former works, with something that places it apart. The style is sweet, various, and noble, with coming and going lights of tenderness and power. But it has a rush and movement new to Mr. Hardy, though it contains, perhaps, no such passage of concentrated effort as the description of Egdon Heath in 'The Return of the Native.' The resistless sweep of 'Tess' is, indeed, one of its chief merits. Some may complain of the admixture of technical terms. These are but the ruins of systems—great and little—washed into the river of feeling and borne along with it. In this case a bald epitome would be more than commonly brutal. The episodes that lighten the story are worthy of Mr. Hardy at his best—especially all that relates to Tess's associates—those "impassioned, summer-saturated heathen." But it is to Tess and her tragedy that one constantly turns. From the hour when "she was caught like a bird in a springe"—the phrase is used twice—through the ecstatic solemnity of her love—the deep, dumb devotion of her waiting, its days and nights of racking anguish, to the time when the shapes of darkness,

* 'Tess of the D'urbervilles.' A Pure Woman. Faithfully presented by Thomas Hardy. Three volumes. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.) 31s. 6d

always in the background, advance and claim her, she is never out of our thoughts, and she will linger in them long after we close the book, as "one who learned too well for her years of the dust and ashes of things, of the cruelty of lust, and the fragility of love."

We think Mr. Hardy will be much misunderstood if, in this great tragedy, he is taken as dealing primarily with moral problems. He appeals to the most rigid purists, to the most orthodox theologians. The dominant idea of present-day orthodox morality—"the woman pays"—is indeed adopted and enforced. But the history of Tess is the argument which Mr. Hardy addresses to his readers—perhaps half despairingly as far as they are concerned—certainly hoping nothing from the pedant or the Pharisee. For the lax or the prurient there is nothing here. The book is as pure as it is passionate, and however Tess may be judged by those who care to judge her, there can be small doubt that it ranks first among Mr. Hardy's achievements, and second to no work of its time. The end is significant. Tess's unworthy husband and her sister march away from the black flag into a land of promise. She is left dead in the depths of shame, with none to remain with her but her chronicler—whose chief title to honour it will henceforth be that he was the advocate of Tess.

☞

OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY.*

Dr. Duff fears that his readers will blame him for "preaching." We do not object to his preaching. All the prophets were preachers, and a good exposition of them will be a sermon; but it is required in sermons that they be not indefinite, nor prolix, nor flowery, and tried by these tests some will think that Dr. Duff preaches too much.

There are many things much to be admired in this work. There is some good painting, the little picture of Samaria (p. 44) is charming; an elevated strain of religious feeling pervades the book; and, if nothing of importance be added to previous knowledge, the teaching of the prophets is set in new lights. But these excellencies are marred by a want of self-restraint and condensation; the religious fervour too often degenerates into something like ecstasy, and the multitude of details into which the prophetic teaching is analysed rather blurs the picture of the man and leaves the special contribution which he made to religion very indistinct. The reader will carry away from the book some vivid impressions, such as that the prophets were not persons who filled an "office," but living religious men; that the truths they preach were reached by wrestling mind and heart with the problems of their people's life and the destinies of the kingdom of God; and that in their time the religion of Israel was not fixed, but in the midst of a powerful movement forward towards clearer truth and fuller life.

But while the reader will receive a strong general impression that there was vitality and progress, it is doubtful if he will get a just idea of the manner and nature of the movement. Undoubtedly the thing in which Dr. Duff's work is most wanting is truthfulness of representation. His mind appears to be abhorrent of precision. The fervent heat of his sentiment vaporizes all solid conceptions and fills theological space with incandescent nebulæ. It really seems as if it were of no consequence in his view what the prophetic words strictly mean; if they will not minister to feeling when translated one way, let them be translated another way. This indifference to truthfulness appears in everything, in his playing with etymologies and rendering "the law of Moses" "the law of the deliverer," and in his astonishing statement that the word *kadosh*, "holy," is an infinitive. These are trifles. But it becomes of importance when his exaggerations touch the state of religion in Israel in this or that age, as when he says that "Solomon's temple was to be a pantheon . . . in which Jehovah's simple worshippers must wander through a distracting maze to find their own loved God" (p. 154); or when he represents it as a consequence of God's covenant being made with the people of Israel and not with individuals that down to the time of Amos "no one had ever raised the question of the essential personal character of a man, good or bad" (p. 79); or when he says of Isaiah in his later years that he "came down from faith in the power of a Spirit to put his faith more in Zion, in a place, in stone and lime" (p. 207). These exaggerations are regrettable because they touch Old Testament religion at crucial points. The author's treatment of Isaiah's doctrine of Zion is perhaps the least happy thing in his book, unless indeed it be his discussion of the idea of "good" in Amos. Again, how exaggerated and misleading is this language, "Jeremiah was one of the priests of Anathoth; hence perhaps his condemnation of Zion; hence perhaps also Ezekiel's surprising condemnation of Jeremiah along with the people whom that saint was toiling to bless" (p. 155). It is particularly unfortunate that the results of modern study of the Prophets should be presented in a form so overdrawn.

Readers ought to take heed to Dr. Duff's warning that the passages given from the prophets are not translations but paraphrases. Even so they are not models of taste. But they have a worse fault, they are not true. There is more of Dr. Duff than of the prophets in them, as witness this line (p. 178),

The virgin Zion, *daughter of Jehovah.*

The last words are written by Dr. Duff with a light heart and no sense of impropriety. A hasty reader may enjoy Dr. Duff's work and be better for it, but a student of the Old Testament may be misled on every page.

A. B. DAVIDSON.

* 'Old Testament Theology.' By Archibald Duff, M.A., LL.D. (A. and C. Black. 1891.)

ANTHROPOLOGICAL RELIGION.*

Physical Religion was the subject of Professor Müller's Gifford lectures at Glasgow in 1890. Last year's course is now published, and will be followed by a third on what he calls 'Psychological Religion,' as "dealing with the nature of the soul or self." But since Anthropological Religion comprises "the various attempts at discovering something infinite and divine in man or mankind, beginning with the first surmises of the existence of something different from the body" (p. 115), or the discovery of "something not merely human, then superhuman, then divine and immortal in man" (p. 116), we cannot regard this threefold division of Natural Religion as entirely felicitous. The "Infinite in Nature," the "Infinite in Man," and the "nature of the soul" are scarcely three parallel and separate lines of thought. However, the present volume is extremely interesting. If the author is no longer allowed to lay down the law as despotically as he used to do twenty or thirty years ago, it is only because his own zeal and stimulating example has now raised up a host of disciples and rivals. He is now called to stand on his defence, and very stoutly, adroitly, and sometimes, it must be owned, very convincingly does he hold his own. To deal here with the numerous details of these lectures is impossible; suffice it to say, that on the main question we remain unconverted, still believing that philology is only a part of anthropology, and not *vice versa*. Language, we think, is the most striking, and, on the whole, most trustworthy *record* of human development and change—this volume alone would prove that—but that it was so efficient a *cause* (even in primitive ages), as the Professor makes out, we see no sure ground for admitting.

On the other hand, to disparage the evidence of language is not unfrequently the result of mere ignorance. The lecturer's suavity may well give way to spirited indignation when his famous identification of Dyaus, Zeus, Jupiter, and Tyr is carelessly impugned by Dr. Lippert, or when some pious dolt derives Jove from Jehovah, and God from good, or when confronted with such horrors as this—"We now use the vocative *Jove* for the nominative, because it was the form used when Jupiter was invoked, e.g., *Jove*=O Jupiter!"

Out of a host of minor points on which we would gladly join issue, there are two which are hard to forgive; the contemptuous and unfounded attack on Animism (p. 73), and the repeated assertion of the universality of belief in the Divine or Infinite, in spite of the facts cited in Appendix V. The truth is that Anthropology is in its youth, if not infancy, and no one should yet dogmatise about it. Yet if they did

* 'Anthropological Religion.' By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.) 10s. 6d.

not, their books would hardly be so vigorous, lively, and stimulating as this undoubtedly is.

In the preface and elsewhere the lecturer meets certain charges brought by offended orthodoxy, and meets them in a courteous and dignified tone. Into the dispute we will not venture. The Professor seems to have adopted Dean Stanley's Invertebrate Theology, as a working hypothesis. More it can never be. When Christ has been reduced to the rank of a Mahdi; when the miracles are explained away—even the Resurrection and Ascension (the crucial doctrine of all, the Incarnation, together with the whole scheme of Salvation, is coolly ignored); when the Gospels are revised and amended, and Christ's sayings pruned of so-called glosses and accretions, what remains? The Iconoclasts reply—the true, original, pure, spiritual Christianity; we should call it pure Deism. For a later stage of inquiry is imminent. When these selected, ethical teachings of Jesus are for the first time examined apart from authority and tradition, the question of their difference from and superiority over other ethical teachings, will be decided in no latitudinarian way. Zealous for the truth and outspoken as he is, the author of this book may offend some, but will profit not a few. Nevertheless, how far he is from appreciating the deepest import of the matter, appears from the fact that he (in common with all theologians) is under the delusion that the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ somehow bear upon and prove the doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul. What they do prove is potential, the Immortality of the Body—a doctrine which no rationalist would receive. Y. Y.

LOWELL'S LATEST ESSAYS.*

These essays have been given to the world in accordance with the intentions of the writer, and indeed had this not been so, there is enough in them to remind us of an earlier Lowell to justify their publication. They reveal the refined taste, the sympathetic touch, that mark all his work, though they are not weighty, and though when he wrote them his hand had lost the grasp and certainty it was wont to have. Their greatest charm lies in fragments of autobiography that lie about here and there, and in a very distinct personal note audible now and then—when for instance, he tells of his adventures among books, or of his interview with Landor and his tolerance of the imaginativeness of the great man's memory; or when he gives us sly glimpses of himself, the sturdy American citizen, coquetting with old world privileges and picturesque abuses. In much of the criticism there is a good deal of smart writing not above that of the average reviewer, and the somewhat empirical and wholly unsatisfactory handling of 'Richard III.' escapes condemnation only because we know he meant one day to rewrite it. The most important essays are those on Gray and Walton. The first is a bit of special pleading for the eighteenth century, when literature was cultivated amidst elegance, or at least amidst leisure; when "responsibility for the universe had not yet been invented." Gray, as the literary artist, the filer of phrases, the searcher after perfection of form, fascinates the craftsman in himself, and from the poet's letters he culls a number of good things that reveal a capacity by no means exhausted in Gray's scanty collection of poems. Why Mr. Lowell was so shy of attributing "style" to Walton it is difficult to see, since he acknowledges his charm, his "simplicity which leaves criticism helpless," and even records his storing up of words that pleased him for future use. In speaking, too, of the 'Angler' and White's 'Selborne,' he says, "the purely literary charm of neither of them will authorise the place they hold." Surely this is a narrow and artificial conception of literary form and of style. On the other hand, he exhibits a little too much surprise at the pictorial character of Walton's memory of scenes and interviews, by no means an uncommon faculty; but his estimate of the man as distinct from the writer is marked by all the understanding that comes of long affection.

Strangely enough, the main interest of the volume is in its weakest part, in the essay on "The Progress of the World." He had been asked to bless this same progress by contributing an introduction to a book in which the advance of mental and material activity had been described. The blessing does not always come very readily to his lips, yet he cannot churlishly withhold it. Doubt as to whether the greatest good be also the highest good, the certainty of the increase of melancholy in the world and of the disappearance of leisure, damp his ardour. Yet he is full of a wise and sympathetic tolerance—tolerance of democratic aims, even of newspapers, of Socialism, at least of the Socialism that thinks. His outlook, as becomes an old man, is not radiant, but it is not devoid of a quiet hope, and his regrets contain not one drop of bitterness.

* 'Latest Literary Essays and Addresses,' by J. R. Lowell. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A HISTORY OF EPIDEMICS IN BRITAIN.*

A History of Epidemics must necessarily be a morbid history, and would not *a priori* be expected to have much interest for the general reader. But this remarkable work is an exception, owing to the unusual combination of accomplishments that the author brings to bear upon it—a highly trained scientific mind, great patience in research, an effective style, and a lively interest in general history and literature, which he connects at many points with his tale of vicissitudes in the public health, of the rise and fall of dynasties of disease. Not that Dr. Creighton is disposed to exaggerate the share that epidemics have had in shaping the course of history. He recognises only that they have had a share. This is generally recognised in two terrifically memorable cases, the Great Plague of Justinian's reign, and the Black Death of the fourteenth century. Of these two epoch-making devastations, Dr. Creighton says very happily that one of them "turned the key of the mediæval prison-house," while the other "unlocked the door after eight hundred years." But in many minor instances widespread invasions of disease have had their share in making history, just as political events have had their share in making epidemics. One of the most curious that Dr. Creighton incidentally suggests touches the Elizabethan drama. It so happens that the years of Shakespeare's prime, 1594-1603, were years in which London was remarkably free from plague. For some years before and for five years after, the playhouses had often to be closed to prevent the spread of the infection. Dr. Creighton does not press the point unduly, but it was certainly worth remarking that at a time when the dramatist's vocation was liable to be interfered with by plague, Shakespeare's genius had uninterrupted course for ten of the best years of his life. If it did not affect the character of his plays, at least it considerably affected his material prosperity. Dr. Creighton also remarks that the year of the dramatist's death was a year of great general sickness, a fact which has some significance in connection with the tradition that he died of a fever contracted after a merry-making.

We should, however, do injustice to Dr. Creighton's work if we gave the impression that it is concerned otherwise than incidentally with such collateral incidents of epidemics. It is a scientific history, the first of its kind, and aims at giving the facts in a connected narrative over a period of a thousand years, differentiating the various types of epidemic malady, plague proper, leprosy, famine-pestilence, war-fever, influenza, yellow fever, and so forth, and discussing speculations as to their origins, conditions, and affinities. He begins with the plague of 664, "the plague of Cadwallader's time," because that is the first outbreak in Britain of which we have authentic contemporary notices; and he ends with the Great Plague of 1665-6, because that was the last appearance of plague within our shores, and with the disappearance of plague a new era in epidemics commences. The *nova cohors febrium* that took the place of the plague, prominent among them being typhus or "spotted" fever, he reserves for another volume.

One naturally looks to see what Dr. Creighton has to say of Influenza. This Protean malady seems to have puzzled doctors and other observers in past times as much as in recent. The name itself, we are told, is Italian of the

* 'A History of Epidemics in Britain. From A.D. 664 to the Extinction of Plague.' By Charles Creighton, M.A., M.D. (Cambridge: At the University Press. 1891.)

eighteenth century, and is connected with the pathological doctrine of "humours"; but several earlier epidemics of "strange fevers," "new sicknesses," would seem from the symptoms described to have been visitations of influenza. As far back as in 1173, the chronicle of Melrose records "a certain evil and unheard of cough" (*tussis quædam mala et inaudita*), which affected every one far and near and cut off many. In the fifteenth century, in 1427, a St. Albans chronicler bears witness to the sudden and universal prevalence of "a certain rheumy infirmity," which proved fatal especially to the aged and the young. Influenza proper is a "rheumy infirmity," a catarrhal fever, but the "strange fevers" which marked the accession of Queen Elizabeth, are generally classed among the great historic waves of influenza. We must not, as Dr. Creighton points out, insist upon too rigid and limited a definition: the thing itself would seem to be Protean, and closely allied in its incidence with the deadlier disorders of plague and typhus. This is very marked in the series of epidemics in the course of which Oliver Cromwell was cut off, 1657-8. A visitation of hot agues in the autumn of 1657 was followed by an outbreak of unmistakable influenza in the spring of 1658, and that again by hot agues in the autumn. Such sequences are significant of an *entente cordiale* among the troop of fevers, in spite of considerable variation in the symptoms. As regards the origin of influenza, Dr. Creighton does not enter upon this problem in the present volume, but he casually shows a leaning to the view that it is "a swifter and more superficial wave on the top of some slower and more deadly earth-borne virus." "As the old writers said, it was a *levis corruptio æris*, a diluted virus, as it were, mild in proportion to its volatility and swiftness, but in universality equalling in its own milder way the universality of the plague of Justinian's reign or of the Black Death." As one slight evidence of the relationship among various diseases, he notes that plague proper, diphtheria, typhus, and influenza were all raging throughout Europe together or in close succession during certain years of the sixteenth century.

THE BLUE PAVILIONS.*

There were signs and rumours that Q. had put away stories of adventure as childish things; had turned his back on 'Dead Man's Rock' and 'The Splendid Spur'; and meant henceforward to concentrate his powers on "holding high the banner of the Ideal" after the later manner of 'Noughts and Crosses.' His 'Blue Pavilions' is not what these signs and rumours had led us to expect, and we must take leave to regard it either as an earlier work belated in publication, or as a riotous relaxation from his more serious designs as an artist. At any rate we shall not find fault with Q. if there are more of the same kind to come, for the story on its own merits is an excellent one for young or old. It is founded and built on conventional lines, but there is plenty of freshness and force in the execution; it is full of wit and drollery, and stirring adventure comic and romantic. That the young can enjoy it we have proved experimentally by trying it on a boy of nine. The earlier chapters, wherein are related the strange circumstances of the hero's birth and education and the odd freaks and caprices of his guardians—two sea-dogs of the right Smollett breed, with a dash of Uncle Toby in them, and reminding one in some of their eccentricities of Flaubert's Bouvard and Pécuchet—were rather beyond the young reader's comprehension. He needed encouragement to persevere. But from the moment that Tristram is full-grown and has occasion to justify his adoptive father's tuition in the use of the small sword, the story-teller had his will, and the charm remained unbroken to the end. There are threads in the story that a boy can hardly grasp, except with the most remote notional apprehension, such as the scheming craft of Marlborough and the quadruple treachery of the villanous Captain Salt, but there is plenty that a boy can thoroughly realise and revel in, fights in which strength, dexterity, and luck favour the right side, surprising accidents, stratagems, toils, flights, pursuits, thrilling dangers and narrow escapes. The action is rapid, and the author's invention is ready and felicitous.

* 'The Blue Pavilions.' By Q. (Cassell and Company, London, etc. 1891.)

Q. hardly does himself justice in saying that the tale is "crammed with historical inaccuracy." By this he probably means to disclaim any attempt to keep to strict chronological fact. But the critic who should take him at his word might conclude that he had evolved persons, places, and scenes out of his inner consciousness, and this is not so. There is a substantial background of historical truth. He has studied the documents of the time, and his incidents are brought well within the range of historical possibility. The state of His Majesty's fleet and the French King's galleys, the relations between William and his subjects and between the Grand Monarch and the exiled Stuart, are solidly conceived and are not mere flabby, fancy pictures. And though the characters are more or less conventional puppets, and are often treated in a spirit that is less than half serious, they are drawn with admirable firmness and precision. The dialogue is never dull. Q. is lavish of his wit on these same puppets, and with a wise choice has not impeded its flow by any straining after the dialect of the Restoration. "'I have known occasions,' the attorney went on with a serious face, 'when a cautious belief in ghosts has proved of the very highest service in dealing with apparently intractable problems. Or suppose we call it an hypothesis, liable to correction——'" The author has not stopped to consider whether an attorney of King Charles's time would have used the word hypothesis in this way, and in this he has exercised a wise discretion. Tristram, the hero, is as witty as a clever Oxford undergraduate of Queen Victoria's time, and in much the same dialect; to have aimed at making him witty in the phraseology of Etheredge or Congreve would have been lost labour and embarrassment. It is more to the purpose that, using the diction of our own time, Q. rivals the dramatists of the Restoration in the clear-cut finish of his expression. Nor should we reckon it a fault that the incidents are not unfrequently farcical. When the love-lorn Tristram is buttoned into a military coat that was not made for him, and is thrust down into a crowded gun-deck, he sighs so profoundly in thinking of his Sophia that the buttons fly off his manly chest, one of them hits a choleric Dutch sergeant, and serious consequences ensue. But the fact is not so incongruous here as the famous lines in the ballad of Annan Water—

> "The waistcoat bursted off his breast,
> He was so full of melancholy."

It is in tune with the rest of the lively narrative as much as various truly heroic feats which are recorded to the hero's credit.

W. MINTO.

D'AULNOY'S FAIRY TALES.*

Madame D'Aulnoy's stories have now for the first time appeared in England in a complete form. She has had no lack of translators, it is true, but the earliest English editions of the tales were discriminating neither in what they attributed to her nor in what they robbed her of. Among the many lady chroniclers of fairyland of her country and age some slight confusion was perhaps pardonable, but the distribution of honours and responsibilities in the 'Cabinet des Fées,' seems to be founded on fact and on desert. The industrious Planché pinned his faith to that arrangement, and only omitted two of the tales from a somewhat too rigid sense of the "convenances." In the present edition these have been restored. Mrs. Ritchie's preface is charmingly written, as was to be expected from one who has on former occasions shown her knowledge of the ways of fairyland and of that stately old world in which these particular tales were fashioned. No healthy-minded children, of course, would read a preface, but their elders will possibly linger over this one, and be tempted to explore further in those regions where Mrs. Ritchie has gathered her material. In a short sketch she has not set herself the well-nigh impossible task of presenting a clear notion of the life and character of that mysterious and extraordinary woman, the writer of the tales, but has contented herself with catching hold of some prominent features of her mind and character—her sprightliness, her quick sense of the picturesque, her sturdy love of adventure—that fit in admirably with the idea of a fairy

* The Fairy Tales of Madame D'Aulnoy, newly done into English, with an introduction by Annie Thackeray Ritchie, illustrated by Clinton Peters. 7s. 6d. net. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

historian. Mrs. Ritchie alludes to the 'Memoirs,' but doubts if that extraordinary book be a narrative of fact, as well she may. If it be so, literature contains no more unblushing revelations. Planché indignantly repudiates it as a gross forgery, and he is probably right, though perhaps her mysterious sojourns in Spain and England, by which we are the gainers, may have helped to fill up a time when she was under a cloud; for that her life was unhappy there is abundant evidence, apart from the apocryphal 'Memoirs.' At all events, that she was a woman of wondrous vitality, and rich fancy every page she ever wrote bears witness. Mrs. Ritchie's dictum that "her readers will appreciate the pleasant simplicity of her style" is questionable. Even taking the pompousness of her age into consideration, her style surely does not answer to such a description. Indeed, so far as mechanical form is concerned, her literary abilities are inferior not only to Perrault but to many of the ladies whose tales cannot touch hers for grace and freshness of fancy and invention. Her fairies are rather too fine for the woodlands and the homely hearth. They are sophisticated. They have been to Versailles; they speak the language of he court and of gallantry, but, after all, at bottom they are honest fairies, as children have found for generations, and 'Gracieuse,' 'The Yellow Dwarf,' and 'The White Cat,' have as good a chance of immortality as most things in literature. In somewhat too light-hearted a way Mrs. Ritchie says, with regard to the origin of the stories, "Many of Madame D'Aulnoy's tales have been taken with scarce any variation from the 'Pentamerone' of Basile and the 'Nights' of Straparola." This is too sweeping. In 'The Dolphin,' indeed, we feel she has read Basile, and has embroidered some of his incidents, but there is hardly another case where we can with certainty trace her sources. But these are matters about which children will be indifferent; and the only possible point of historical interest to them will be that their great grandmothers devoured these stories greedily, and that ever since then they have never gone out of fashion. All that the printer, the artist, and the binder could do for this new edition has been done, and the book will receive, we cannot doubt, a hearty welcome.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE.*

Critics of Mrs. Ward's work must inevitably begin and end by paying homage to her remarkable powers. But though 'David Grieve' appeals to that large class to whom 'Robert Elsmere' was a revelation, and in whose lives it made an epoch, it is probably not destined to be as popular. The fury of enthusiasm will scarcely repeat itself. Yet it is still the problems of faith, still spiritual unrest, and the place of law in human life that she is concerned with, and it is virtually the same compromise she lands her latest hero in.

David Grieve, an orphan lad, the son of a London tradesman of Scotch descent, and of a worthless French mother, grows up on a wild moorland farm in the High Peak country, under the guardianship of a weak-minded, pious uncle, and a violent-tempered, miserly aunt. The companion of his hardships, his sister Louie, is beautiful, but otherwise—since we have not Mrs. Ward's space for modifying adjectives—can only be described as irretrievably bad. His lonely life is cheered by intellectual wanderings among the few books that come in his way, and stimulated by the ravings of a half-demented ex-schoolmaster. The dreamy yet masterful lad, morose yet craving for an affection he has never known, absorbed in his intellectual pursuits, yet vigorous and adventuresome of temper, is an attractive figure. We have met him somewhere before; he calls up to us a blurred vision of young Robert Falconer. Making his escape to Manchester at last, he becomes apprenticed to a bookseller, develops into a scholar of no mean attainments, a bibliophile of keen instincts, and a successful man of business. A visit to Paris, on which his sister, against the reader's better judgment, accompanies him, brings about a crisis in his life. He lives there in the centre of artistic, or rather art-student, Paris, meets Henri Regnault, by-the-by, at the time of his 'Salon' success of 1870, is made the confidant of the patriotic young painter's regrets and hopes for his country, and falls passionately in love with Elise Delaunay, a promising young girl painter, with whom he forms an *union libre*. The tragedy of "L'Œuvre" is turned the other way round in David's case. It is the girl whom Art claims jealously, and David is cast off. He reaches Manchester shattered in body and mind by his own trouble and his sister's conduct, for which he is to some extent responsible. But he recovers, marries Lucy, the empty-headed, pretty daughter of his old employer, settles down to a peaceful domestic life at home, and to the public-spirited life of an unusually good citizen out of doors. Before her death Lucy's nature develops in a satisfactory but altogether unreal fashion, and David worships her memory. Meanwhile, his spiritual career has had many ups and downs, and we are made to look at its progress at close quarters. The wild moorland lad with the poetic fervour and the rebellious heart, hungry for learning and for large experience of life, has turned into a very corect young man, of unexceptionable manners and very commendable views of life, by no means extreme, and tending vaguely towards orthodoxy. He is beloved by his workmen, looked up to, we have no doubt, in the Ancoats Brotherhood, and possibly occasionally lectures at Elsmere Hall. This is excellent, but in the first volume our hopes had been tuned to something different. Of course life had tamed David, and made him see the propriety of social arrangements. He is submissive at last. As he somewhat brutally tells his wife, he has "come to think the most disappointing and hopeless marriage, nobly borne, to be better worth having than what people call an 'ideal passion'—if the ideal passion must be enjoyed at the expense of one of the fundamental rules which poor human nature has worked out with such infinite difficulty and pain for the protection and help of its own weakness." And so with theology. From the shouting atheism of the Hall of Science he comes at last to gently explaining the miracles as springing, "to begin with, from the dreams of grief and exhaustion."

There is a considerable knowledge of modern life shown in the novel. Wide human intercourse and active sympathies have gone to its making. Yet it smells of the lamp. Her French artists are always declaiming, "Let us have no literature in art." Without being altogether paradoxical, we might cry, Let us have less of it in fiction, and a little more life. Mrs. Ward's book is written in good and vigorous English, but she lacks the better part of the literary faculty, the power of selection. The past life of every character who even walks once across the stage is laid bare. Nothing is spared us. Mrs. Ward knows no short cuts—and to pretend that we are not bored by a mistimed *rechauffés* of Gautier, or of Regnault's patriotic sentiments, or by the adventures of Lomax, or David's intolerably dull entries in his diary, would be uselessly insincere. Yet possibly no critic knows Mrs. Ward's limitations so well as herself. Her lack of the power of dramatic presentment she evidently recognises, for every attempt at such is ruthlessly cut short—'Lias Dawson's dialogues, the old Haworth woman's description of the Brontës, Dyson's preaching, are cases in point. As for the matter of the book, it will not appeal to those who have never known struggles with the problems of life. To those who have known them, and passed through their first acute stage, its purpose may appear futile, and its atmosphere depressing. But to immature strugglers, sure neither of themselves nor of their goal, it will perhaps seem for a time to contain both light and consolation. Mrs. Ward has poured her spiritual experience out for these, and can well afford to scorn any merely artistic criticism of 'The History of David Grieve.'

* 'The History of David Grieve.' By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

THE BROWNING ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

A book of the kind was inevitable. We have been gradually working towards it through handbooks and primers for some time, and we have every reason to feel grateful, now it has come, that it is as good as it is. Dr. Berdoe's book is indeed a monument of industry and devotion. By way of justification for its appearance he says: "It would be affectation to pretend to believe that every educated person ought to know, without the aid of

* 'The Browning Encyclopædia.' By Edward Berdoe. (Sonnenschein.) 7s. 6d.

such a work as this, what Browning means by phrases and allusions which may be found by hundreds in his works." Browning liked the bye paths of history rather than those main roads we travelled long ago in our school-days, and Dr. Berdoe has put up finger-posts in the little unfrequented ways. He has opened up vast fields of reading for that serious person, the Browning student; he has explored them all himself, and still remains a devotee. If only he had stopped after the by no means easy task of throwing light on the history of obscure personages, and the whereabouts of puzzling places, and on passages the faithful have striven with and overcome. Unfortunately he has succumbed to the dangers lurking in the word "encyclopædia," and has been tempted into altogether useless paths. He has added another to the number of the poet's indiscreet friends, who assume that in every verse Browning ever wrote there is something to be explained. Mrs. Orr has sinned before him, but her sins in this particular direction are less flagrant, as a comparison between the 'Handbook' and the 'Encyclopædia' will show. Both have been ill-advised enough to paraphrase 'Confessions,' as simple a bit of verse as was ever written, and 'Evelyn Hope'; but at least the 'Handbook' does not make of the poems texts for quite such wordy sermons. "Modern science," says, gravely, Dr. Berdoe's commentary on 'Evelyn Hope' "has taught us that no atom of energy can ever be lost to the world. The eternal atom, the vibrations that cease not through the eternal years, shall not mock at the evanescence of human love." The paraphrase of 'The Lost Leader' is longer and harder than the poem. And why should not 'The Last Ride Together' have been let alone? What is the sense of the entry under 'Shakespeare?' The unhappy mixture of Browning and Berdoe phraseology in 'Among the Rocks,' in 'James Lee's Wife' should serve as a warning to commentators. This over-anxious one only creates difficulties. Others, he says, have jumped the difficulty of a "slightly obscure line"—the second of two following:

> "And straight was a path of gold for him,
> And the need of a world of men for me."

We are inclined to think there is no difficulty at all, but if there be, "others" have at least escaped the barbarism of explaining that the man set off in the morning to "work of a lucrative character." Dr. Berdoe has a keenly appreciative mind, but his hand is a heavy one; and he does wrong to his master because he will not understand that sometimes he speaks in every-day language. If only a little common sense had been used in its compilation, the book might have been an excellent one in every way. It has really faced difficulties, it is conveniently arranged; it is well printed, well bound. When the solutions of his few remaining puzzles have been added to the already large stock of new information it contains, the book will have won its permanent place alongside Browning on our shelves. Its faults we do not lay altogether at Dr. Berdoe's door. We prefer to think they may be consequent on the fact related in the preface, that he "attended nearly every meeting of the Browning Society from its inauguration."

PEPITA JIMENEZ.*

The translation of this remarkable novel is not the smallest service that Mr. Edmund Gosse has performed for the English public in the course of this most valuable series. It is well that we should be occasionally reminded that the Latin races are still adding to the immense literary debt in which they have already placed the world. We have been deluged of late in the pessimistic literature of the gloomy North, until, after a severe course of Russian and Norwegian literature, some of us have blinked at the sun, and been inclined to resent its rising. Others, perhaps, have begun to doubt whether man becomes virtuous by dwelling on the ugliness of sin, or if he becomes happier and more artistic by plunging his imagination in gloom. And so, after a *douche* of Tolstoi and a Turkish bath of Ibsen, we gladly emerge from the last and hottest room, as represented in Mr. Bernard Shaw's 'Quintessence,' into the bright, fresh, and healthy atmosphere of this novel from the land of the olive and the orange. It was written a quarter of a century since by Juan Valera, a Spanish statesman and man of letters. England is not the only country where the great politicians also compete in the world of literature, as the existence of men like M. Duruy in France and Juan Valera in Spain ought to bring home to us. But nothing that Don Valera has done in politics creates for him so large a claim on the regard and admiration of his fellow-countrymen as this novel.

For it is the most characteristically Spanish novel of the century. It is a psychological account—now in the form of letters, and afterwards in simple narrative—of a conflict between the two strongest elements in the national character, piety and love. Don Luis is a high-minded young Spaniard, who has been destined from early years for the priesthood, and has passed his youth with his pious and devout uncle, and has been taken by him through a prolonged course of theological study. He had been called away from this uncle to stay with his father, Don Pedro, in his country house. Close by there lives a very good and beautiful young widow, Pepita Jiménez, with whom Don Luis gradually falls desperately in love. Taught to regard such a passion with infinite horror, he shrinks back appalled, and a terrible struggle ensues between the religious and human sides of his nature. The gradual process by which his earthly love becomes intertwined with his religion, until, dazzled by this inexplicable confusion, the strength of his resistance is broken, and he hopelessly commits himself to the alternatives of love or dishonour, is very subtly analysed. The victory is with the lady. But it is no vulgar conquest of human passion. The power of the novelist consists in showing how Don Luis snatched victory from defeat, and perceived that the realisation of his religious ideals lay through, and not apart from, the human emotions. If nature conquers religion, it is only because religion, in defying nature, had ceased to be true to itself.

Such is the story which, in emotional Spain, still holds so high a place amongst its fiction. It ought not to be without its interest for a nation like ours, where the war between religion and nature is a more subtle, but scarcely less important problem of ethical development.

HAROLD SPENDER.

* 'Pepita Jiménez.' From the Spanish of Juan Valera. (William Heinemann.) (The International Library.)

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

DIARY OF A READER.

Jan. 2nd.—Fog and Christmas festivities—these last do not seem to include novel-reading to the extent I should have imagined—have left the libraries well-nigh deserted. I could have had almost anything I asked for, apparently, but then, looking down the new lists, what was there worth having? Well, there was 'Tess.' Now I'm not going to discuss it till I have collected all the various contradictory notices on it that are still flying about. Enough to say, the different opinions regarding it are capable of dividing families and of severing long-standing friendships. By way of obtaining a little calm after the stormy passions of 'Tess,' I dipped into Lowell's 'Latest Essays,' and found myself in quiet pastures indeed. My peace was somewhat rudely disturbed by one of the two remaining books in my packet. 'A Widower Indeed' has given me a fit of real depression. Villainy always plays an entertaining and even enjoyable part in fiction when it is pitted against innocence with a backbone or with a power of resource. But here we are made to feel too keenly not only the cruelty but the unfairness of the fate that descends on that poor creature of a hero, the Oxford bursar. Long before the end he was a weight on my mind. I suppose Miss Broughton had a hand in depicting that collected young American lady, and perhaps the disagreeable child, but I give her *collaborateur* credit for my low spirits.

'Hard Life in the Colonies' has not the fascination or the literary value of some of its predecessors in the 'Adventure Series'—'The Adventures of a Younger Son,' 'Koloktrones,' etc.; but it is a useful book all the same. It is a most appropriate gift-book for adventurous young men weary of civilisation. Their ardour for colonisation may withstand even this wet blanket; but if after a time they find being out of civilisation not so pleasant as they had anticipated, the donor of the gift will have, at least, the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." The book consists of extracts from the letters of three ordinary young men, written from New Zealand, Australia, and San Francisco. They are such very ordinary young men, that those who are not bent on emigrating may find some difficulty in reading to the end; but the book is all the more efficacious as a warning to the unfit.

Jan. 9th.—When I read the first story of 'King Billy of Ballarat'—which, by-the-bye, is not 'King Billy,' who, though he gives the name to the book, is unconventionally relegated to the end—I felt I was going to have a surfeit of high spirits, strong language, and the practice of the long bow. And there is a very enjoyable amount of all of these in the volume. But again and again I was pulled up, and made to feel I was living at the end of the century, and that psychology would dog my footsteps even here. Still it is a romantic kind of psychology, something of the kind that Poe made use of, and indeed the story of 'Father and Son,' and that other one of the Government clerks, gave me the same kind of "creepy" feeling that Poe used to do. They are capital stories for an idle hour after dinner.

George Macdonald transports one to a different world. 'The Flight of the Shadow' is a romantic tale, where the villain is a lady of such determination of character that she openly attempts to poison her virtuous son, and lays violent siege to the house he takes refuge in. The love story of this equally determined young man, the sublime uncle of his *fiancée*, who carries a dark secret in his breast, and the complications arising from the similarity in personal appearance between the uncle and his twin brother—all this, with a wild heath in the background, make up a tale to thrill youths and maidens who have not read too many of the same kind before.

Miss Adeline Sargeant's novels are generally satisfactory. She never sets out to do what she can't, and she always recognises that the publication of a work of fiction is, in the first place, a promise to tell a story. Then she is not at the beck and call of modern cravings for philosophical problems and fastidiously original plots. The old one of the children changed in infancy by a wicked nurse is good enough for her in her latest story, 'On False Pretences,' and on that she builds a pretty and thoroughly readable tale. She knows all about modern people, and makes her characters talk in a modern way, but she has a pleasant old-fashioned trick of arranging happy meetings, fortunate accidents, and timely escapes. It is the kind of novel that never excites you over much, but which you read to the last page.

Now that all the world are folk-lorists, and folk songs are even more fashionable reading than Ibsen—by-the-bye, I wish they were more in vogue in musical circles—Mr. Rennell Rodd's 'Custom and Lore of Modern Greece' should have many readers. Luckily it isn't very learned, or very comparative, or anything of that sort. But it is the result of the wanderings of one who had a quick, appreciative eye and something of a poet's insight. The versions of popular poetry, Klephts' songs, etc., are well rendered, and some specimens of dance music have been added. The book will probably have the effect of sending many to wander in Greece, to pick up such lore for themselves.

Jan. 16th.—Everybody abuses novels, and indeed nowadays it is no distinction to have written one. But in the multitudes that are turned out every month, mainly for the delectation of the writers, it is easy enough for good work to be passed over. Occasionally a feeling of keen remorse comes over my ungrateful mind. Here is a novel before me, 'Corinthia Marazion,' of which I have read the first volume. It isn't first-rate. It will probably soon be forgotten, and yet what an amount of observation of life, of good honest thought, has gone to the making of it! Corinthia is a very living character. Just a little more skill, and she might have lived in a different sense. Then there is 'Matthew Tindall' I read the other day. It is not an agreeable story, but it has that mark of power that gives the lie to the ordinary contemptuous verdict of present-day fiction. It weakens towards the end, but there are strong passages in it—that one, for instance, where the wild longings of the prisoner in Carlisle gaol are awakened by the soldiers singing a hunting song outside, sticks in one's memory.

The 'Pseudonym Library' goes up and down in a tantalising way. Now and again it contains something well worth keeping on our shelves to take down and read again on some future day. Then comes a volume that fills one with surprise why it should exist at all. 'The Red Litten Windows' is one of these. It is not commonplace, but there is a strange impotence about it, as if it could not work out its own purpose. The first story leaves on the mind of the reader a vague sense of pain, and nothing more. The second deals with more comprehensible incidents, but for all that, and in spite of its pretty pictures of Chelsea, it is dull.

Mr. Fox Bourne's 'Sidney' is not very smooth reading. It is rather a laboured effort where only lightness and grace of style could succeed. But what conscientious research and a real interest in his hero can do has been done, and the book throws an interesting light on the dark side of Elizabethan court life. "Great Eliza" must have been a trying mistress to courtiers of Sidney's temperament, and loyalty must have meant an exercise of the very severest virtues.

Tyndall's 'New Fragments' is the kind of book you keep out of the library a long time, and take up at odd moments. Unscientific persons like myself will skip some of the chapters on Atoms and Molecules, and on the Congeners of Rainbows, but there is a good deal left to satisfy the ill-regulated appetite of "the general reader." The best of the 'Fragments' are the 'Alpine Jottings,' and something of the efficacy of the "glacier cure" for weariness and worry can be got out of the mere reading of them. We meet with a tender leave-taking of the mountains in one of these papers, and in a prefatory note we are naïvely informed that "seven years after he was again upon the heights, where the snow which fell on his head as he wrote

heightened instead of lowering the inner temperature of the old mountaineer." There are papers on Count Rumford and Pasteur, which are admirable reading for the uninitiate in science, and a cautious and somewhat long-winded discourse to the Glasgow Sunday Society on 'The Sabbath.' But next in interest to the 'Alpine Jottings' come his recollections of Carlyle. Those who have seen them before in the *Fortnightly* will be glad to meet them again. The affectionate loyalty they breathe, together with the enthusiasm of the lover of mountains, leave us with a kindly feeling towards the writer of the 'Fragments.'

Jan. 23rd.—Perhaps it is the name of 'A North Country Comedy,' but I rather think it is the mechanism of the story, that suggests that it would have been better to throw it into dramatic form. The plot is unreal when developed seriously and in detail in story form, but it is rich in the extravagance, the unforeseenness, the surprises that would make up a light comedy with amusing situations. Still, as a story, it is very entertaining, and into its small compass there is packed an amount of cleverness that would furnish forth three ordinary novels. In fact, the personages are too overflowing with witty epigram or brilliant absurdity. The Rev. Mr. Bacchus, the curate who is made to play the fool, is in reality full of sparkling wisdom. There is something almost forced in the strong individual features that divide the different characters, but with the exception of the American claimants and the Jesuit, who have the air of being moved by strings, they all live and breathe naturally.

Readers who are hyper-sensitive on the subject of the clerical character should give careful instructions at the library that 'The Rector of Amesty' be not sent them. The Rev. Hubert, it is true, is a saintly personage, but he is so annoying to the average temper that his saintliness is of no avail, while the Rev. Marmaduke need not have married his objectionable wife to make the parish turn its head in the "Methody" direction. The real sin of the book, however, is to make the Rev. Edward, a rascal of the deepest dye, the centre of interest. We know we should have fallen under the spell of his "eloquent voice," and are wrongly inclined to wink at his transgressions, seeing he does not make us nod so much as do his better-behaved neighbours. The writer has emptied several commonplace books of fine sentences into the pages of the story.

The Circulating Library reader has a keen interest in that important stage in the life of a book that resolves its three volumes into one. These last weeks there have been many such stages reached, and some notable reprints have been issued too. There is Mr. Marion Crawford's 'Khaled.' Now personally I don't like Arabian stories, always excepting 'The Arabian Nights,' but Mr. Crawford has many friends who like his high-flown talk of genii, and think it very fine poetry, and 'Khaled' has fascinated many who care for that kind of thing. The 'Mischief of Monica,' too, has made its appearance in one-volume form, and that sprightly book will probably receive a second welcome. So, too, has Tasma's 'Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill,' a much better book, by-the-bye, than her later one, 'Portia James.' A reprint of some Scotch stories by the late Malcolm McLennan, under the name of 'Muckle Jock,' should delight northern readers. Southerners may recoil somewhat from these realistic presentments of peasant life. They are, indeed, drawn direct from nature, but if their rough side is true, no less so are the touches of rare beauty and pathos.

Here is a motley list for the Circulating Library reader of the notable or readable books of the month. Fiction: Mrs. Alexander, 'Mammon'; Anstey, 'The Talking Horse'; Barr, 'A Sister to Esau'; M. Crawford, 'Khaled' (now in one vol.); Griffiths, 'Corinthia Marazion'; Hardy, 'Tess'; Maartens, 'An Old Maid's Love' (now in one vol.); Meredith, 'Tragic Comedians' (with Mr. Shorter's introduction); McLennan, 'Muckle Jock'; "Q.," 'Blue Pavilions'; Roberts, 'King Billy of Ballarat'; Stepniak and Westall, 'In Two Moods'; Victor, 'Mariam'; Ward, 'History of David Grieve.' Miscellaneous: A.K.H.B., 'Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews'; Mrs. Bishop's 'Travels in Persia'; Bourne's 'Philip Sidney'; Carlyle, 'Lectures on Literature'; Church, 'Oxford Movement' (new revised edition); Laveleye, 'Letters from Italy'; Lowell, 'Latest Essays'; Moule, 'Life of Simeon' (Leaders of Religion); Morris, 'Montrose' (Men of Action); Maeterlinck, 'Princess Maleine'; Salt, 'Shelley, a Monograph'; Tyndall, 'New Fragments'; Walkley, 'Playhouse Impressions.'

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN.

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

ALISI.—The style of this simple paper is much better than that of the tales you sent. But what do you mean by Rhyl being "a famous place for children"? We should advise you to keep to this kind of exercise till you have gained ease and accuracy in writing.

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT.—Your verses suffer in two ways. 1. Whatever the personal character of the saint may have been, the idea now associated with him and the aspiration in your last verse but one are incongruous. 2. You have unfortunately chosen the metre of a familiar negro melody, and as your saint's name ends as does the heroine's of that ditty, the remembrance is disturbing.

B. B.—The feeling of your verses is really poetical. That you can see their faults is also a promising sign. The second stanza is by far the best. We don't think "The roads are dumb with fallen leaves" is a happy description, and at all events the small waves "shuddering back as though they hissed" is not. And in the last stanza, to call yourself a "sea-thing" is just a little hackneyed and vague. But the verses are far from commonplace. Keep them by you for a time, and you will doubtless think of one or two improvements.

S. BEEHAN.—There is a harshness about your verses which your ear should be able to detect. Verse 6, as it stands, is unintelligible, but it may be so only from some fault of punctuation. The distributive construction in stanza 3, lines 1 and 2, is distracting. To "flaunt a grave" is not good. There is thought in your verses, but we should not advise your sending them to a magazine. You want a good deal of practice in form.

X. Y. Z. K. BROWN.—A pretty story, and more unaffectedly written than anything you have sent before. There is still too much moralising, and the description of Jerry might be cut down. In the account of the wrestling there is a confusion of pronouns.

CARTHAGE.—The merit of the original lies not in the thought, which is very simple and ordinary, but in a certain grace and delicacy, which is just what you have dropped in the translation. That this is so need not be a discouragement. Victor Hugo is hard to translate.

CELURCA.—Your verses are by no means without promise. No. 1 is poetical, but rather stiff. Nos. 2 and 4 are poor. No. 3 is really good, but do not allow yourself to use such rhymes as "horizon" and "arisen," or such a participle as "graspen." The refrain of a

song should be above reproach, but yours, "How can I sing you sad, my love?" is at least ambiguous.

T. C.—The hymn is not good. The first verse is especially poor. No. 2 is better, and its last stanza is good, but "The stars that boss the rim of Diana's crown" and "stilly eyes" must be altered. No. 3 is worthless.

CLYMENUS.—We cannot conscientiously say the verses have merit, though I recognise that the "Dream" is a careful bit of work written without affectation. At all events, in descriptive verse you will not shine. There is not a line where direct inspiration can be traced.

T. E. D.—"Life is a post that runneth on" is not very intelligible, nor is "arbour pleached." Even in verse it is better to speak of taking breakfast than "morn's fast I broke." The last piece is the best, and some of its lines are good, but you have still to learn the value of simplicity.

DALETH.—Distinctly above the average, and very musical. We should suggest a change in one of the words of the first line. The third line of stanza 5 also wants mending.

EDITH.—The idea is pretty, the words a trifle sentimental. "Poor jewell'd craft"—what does this mean?

EXCELSIOR.—We shall be better able to judge of your essay if you think it worth while to send it in a more legible form. We have made several attempts to read it, but have been baffled by many words that were evidently wanted to make sense. We must stipulate for the use of ink.

M. E. F.—Your story is amusing, but far too long. You might with advantage cut out one third by shortening the conversations at the beginning.

M. J. HAZELDINE.—A story of average ability and interest. As there is just enough plot and interest in it to make it readable without being sensational, and as it is unexceptionable in tone, it seems suitable for a "family magazine," but you will find its length stand in the way of its chances. Your writing is very monotonous and conventional in style.

ESTER HAY.—A pretty tale. We should advise its being offered to a magazine for elder girls. The idea of the romantic Italian musician and the young Scotch Adonis, appearing in the midst of humdrum domestic life, would specially appeal to them. You might omit a good deal with advantage—the description of the upholstery on p. 17, for instance.

T. B. F. H.—There is a tendency to think elevated sentiments expressed with solemnity and in dignified language must result in poetry, which explains the failure of a large amount of religious verse, including yours. The central thought is thin, and it is not clad with imagination or grace, or even with any coherent metre. And does not your last stanza sound to you out of tune with the others?

HONORICUS.—A careful and thoughtful essay, though we think you are apt to be hypercritical. You might send it to an educational journal.

IERNE.—Your characters do not live, but you can tell a story. This one is readable. It bears the marks of hasty writing. Were it revised, a newspaper might take it for a short serial.

JOURNALIST.—By all means take courage and equip yourself for journalism, since you are evidently so inclined. You write well, but too lengthily, and sometimes the words run away with you, as in that sentence on p. 9 where you talk of the living up to an ideal as being "satisfying and helpful." And are you sure you know what you mean by Rudyard Kipling being "a case of reincarnation"? Your readers would be in doubt. You evidently have literary taste, but books are not the best school for a journalist.

JUDITH.—A poetical, if not very original conception, and expressed in good English. Magazines, especially the religious ones, are deluged with this kind of semi-allegorical writing, which lessens your chance of getting it accepted, but your story is worth offering.

KINGSTON.—You show a distinct capacity for appreciation and enjoyment, which is a necessary qualification for a reviewer. From the sample you send it is not possible to gather more. But you can't "tell" a tiger-hunt, and you shouldn't "praise up" a thing, no matter how good you think it.

ALEC MCGREGOR.—The best of all you have sent is the Irish expostulation with yourself at the end of the sonnets. As to the sonnets themselves, except that they are stanzas of 14 lines each, they are not sonnets at all. No. 1 sins terribly in its first line, "We boated on the lake." In No. 2 the riddle is more a riddle than you seem to think. In No. 3 you reveal the cause of the literary defects in "No. day without a line." In No. 4 you describe a mood when literary effort must end in failure. Nos. 5 and 6 are pretty, but rather commonplace. The last has real beauty in it. The essay in prose is amusing, but there is a good deal of straining after irrelevant wit, and it is too suggestive of the comic element that is put in purposely to lighten an instructive meeting. May we remark on the exquisite writing or printing of the last? It shows a marvellous accuracy of hand.

MEPHISTO.—You ask whether your story is good enough for publication. The answer depends on your success with publishers. One thing we may say; it will not fulfil the purpose indicated in your dedication, for you have succeeded in proving the sea to be an excellent training school for namby-pamby youths. And apart from its purpose, it has little reason for existence, as the story has not much interest. The writing is fairly good, though "to swim along fine" and "to pay for our washing being done with" should be altered.

MONK.—The story is lacking in interest, but it is fairly well written, if a little garrulous.

M. V. M.—We are glad to see you study history with so much attention and impartiality. Such an exercise as the one you send is good practice in writing.

N. M.—We do not think this so good as what you sent before. The sarcasm is rather cheap, and is it not—we defer, of course, to a wider experience—a little out of date? It would be well to cut out such passages as that on p. 6, beginning "Why is the interchange of thought," etc., and keep it consistently satirical throughout. It might be accepted by a woman's paper, though there is a great deal of the kind agoing. Your suggestion to turn it into a character-sketch seems good; or why not into a dialogue?

D. L.—There is a certain delusive air of simplicity about your verses. To follow their train of thought is exceedingly difficult, and sometimes quite impossible. In many cases the words have entirely run away with you. The most flagrant instance is the last verse but one, beginning "In the world," but the 7th is almost as bad. If you attempt to turn these into prose form you will see our meaning. You have evidently an ear for the music of verse.

NIESSEN.—Your description of mountain climbing has an unmistakable sense of enjoyment about it. But it is not well written. Avoid "tags" of over familiar quotations and allusions; also use parentheses sparingly.

PARROT.—The story is good up to Hugo's appearance at court. It is weaker from that point. It is not what you call it, "an impossible story"; but would the strong-willed, masterful hero have failed where he did?

PURITAN.—Your poem is certainly an original one, and has some vigour in it. The notes are a great improvement, but poems that elucidate themselves are preferable. You are unjust to the witty canon, who certainly does not "stand in the amus'd reproach of men." You might at least have hinted at his stalwart advocacy of other movements, if not of this one. A Nonconformist periodical would be the likeliest to accept it; its subject would especially recommend it there.

R. R.—Not a bad ghost story. It is a weak spot in it to leave the piano open (p. 6). Real ghosts are very orderly, after they have finished their work, and you ought to keep up the illusion till the end. One guesses at that point that an explanation is coming. There is a contradiction in the first two sentences. "Universally" is too big a word to use under the circumstances (p. 5). "Knock through to me" is an awkward phrase, and there are a good many sentences that want polishing. By all means send it to a boys' or girls' magazine, or a local newspaper.

RALEIGH.—We cannot praise your story very much, but in two or three places it is good enough to make one think you might do better. The description of the three friends at the beginning is poor. What is the meaning of being "inclined to *bonhomie*"? We do not advise you, like one of your own personages, to study Macaulay night and day, but a good deal of study of some kind will have to be undergone before you learn to write.

RHINE.—You have chosen a most unfortunate metre to begin your poem. Such a verse as

> "Kissed his father, kissed his brother
> [False and mild!]
> Thought how his dear weeping mother
> Would have smiled,"

does not put us in a proper mood for the perusal of what follows. The minstrel with the "melodious mouth" selects an unfortunate specimen from his repertoire. There are vigorous lines here and there, but as a narrative poem it has the fatal defect of dulness.

AMY ROBSART.—We have read your story with the keenest interest. There is a flavour of real romance about it. And the picture of the hero is entrancing. Don't think of publishing yet a while, but, of course, go on writing. We should like to see what you would make of a heroine with robust health.

SAINT-BIENZY.—"After All" good, especially stanza 2. Line 1 of verse 1 sounds like a parody of the line that ought to fill its place. "Yesterday" is poor, because commonplace. The best is the shortest one, which shows a power of compression, a quality to be striven after and valued.

SAPO.—Your story is much better than the last, because the plot is more interesting. Yet, as you say yourself, it is disjointed. It might be made less so, were you to gather up the loose ends at the close. Dick stalks through the story, a ferocious villain, and yet he is hardly part of it. It might lend to the interest and help the working out of the characters were he and W. brought into personal contact at least once. It is certainly worth while sending to a magazine. You have a pretty turn for sarcasm. As to details, "shot with laughter" might be altered, and so might that stilted sentence describing the supper.

SATOR.—Your capacity for hero-worship is refreshing. Your hero ought to have the chance of seeing what his ardent admirer thinks of him. The language of enthusiasm at least comes readily to your pen.

SCANDINAVIAN.—In No. 1 you have "happened on," to use your own words, a very poetical idea. But you do not move easily in the antiquated language you have thought fit to use. Lines 2 and 3 are comic, and don't encourage yourself in the use of such phrases as "Pranking its flowery gauds." No. 2 sounds pretty, but we don't think we quite understand it. In No. 3 Wordsworth has been before you, and has said everything.

SCOL.—Why, indeed? But with all respect to the liberty of poets, we advise an alteration in the first line of your sonnet. It suggests a remonstrance to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or to a crusty bench of magistrates. You write with some vigour; but you, inconsistently, dictate a duty to the poet, in the last line, which is not of necessity his at all.

RAY SEED.—There is poetic feeling in your verses, but the expression of it is not remarkable. Perhaps No. 2 is, on the whole, the best. Avoid such experiments as that on p. 7. There is a certain awkwardness in your words and metres which might be got over, *e.g.*, "Where the rocks root-covered Grin in the twilight mockingly bat hovered."

SELMA.—Your style is not a literary one. The essay reads as if it were to be spoken, or rather preached; and looked at from this point of view, the otherwise meaningless repetitions are excusable. But there is really too little in the essay or sermon to subject it to what you call "the devastating fire of criticism." By-the-bye, who is "he" on p. 1, line 19?

STAGESTRUCK.—Dialogue good, but the motive of the piece is unreal, besides being painful. The idea might be developed in a story, but for a play it is not well chosen.

TENEBORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—No. 1, last stanza good, except for an unfortunate ellipsis in the last two lines. No. 2 very neatly expressed.

THALIA.—You might send your tale to a magazine for young children, but not before making an addition. The important incident mentioned on p. 2 should not be dismissed in a few lines, seeing you give so much space to the description of details. It is well enough written, but the language is a little pompous in some places.

VERITY.—There is a lack of originality in the plot of the tale, which, however, is fairly well told. We shouldn't advise you to ask its acceptance by a magazine, though, if an early attempt, it is creditable.

A. W.—An amusing sketch. You might make more of it. A complication or two arising out of the "melancholia" report, for instance, might be added.

WALES.—We cannot honestly say your verses are good. If you want to continue verse-making, as of course you do, you should train your ear by reading more than, according to your own account, you have yet done. And do not expand thoughts and sentiments too much. Be as brief as is consistent with clearness.

WILBRAY.—Your story has no merits of style, but the incidents it relates are not without interest. You might try one of the religious periodicals.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

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